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THE SYSTEM'S HAND

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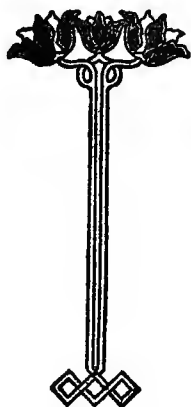
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The **System's Hand**

by

Mary Tupper Jones

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PREFACE

“The System’s Hand” is a story pure and simple, but a story founded on facts. No attempt is made to mold public opinion. Conditions are revealed as they existed and as they still exist.

If I have told too much and laid bare truths that have thus far been carefully concealed and the reader is horrified, I am sorry, but I would warn him that in this book we are just starting out on a journey and in the volumes following there are many miles yet to go. I trust that he will courageously go with me to the end.

The Author.

This book is written by Mary Tupper Jones in collaboration with Stephen A. Doyle. Fiction is used to present facts in an entertaining form.

It is endorsed by John Fitzpatrick, President of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and by Duncan McDonald, President of the Illinois State Federation of Labor. It will be endorsed by all honest employers of labor.

Many other endorsements and the support and supervision of well known labor men are a criterion that the purpose of this book is absolutely honest, and that it is produced as an educational effort.

THE SYSTEM'S HAND
By
MARY TUPPER JONES

CHAPTER I.

“There are two things of which I am certain,” wrote Kant, the philosopher, “the starry heavens and the moral law.”

Looking back over a life so filled with tragedy as to make of me an old man before my time, I seem to focus on a certain autumn morning in the year 1878, when I, the boy, Stephen Angus Doyle, just turned nine, and whose head had always been up in the clouds, came to a sudden and full realization of the difference between right and wrong.

Driving the cows to and from pasture, I had wondered at the mystery of the pale grey dawn, and the marvel of the sunset glow. The faint tinkle of a cow-bell to this day brings back to my mental vision great stretches of timothy land with the moon

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shining on it, and a wistful-eyed boy leaning against a barn door, dreaming.

On this particular autumn morning, my Scotch mother turned to my Scotch-Irish father and showed him some scraps of paper in her hand, and they spoke to each other in Gallic, while all the time I wept unrestrainedly.

"Why are you crying, son?" asked my father.

"Don't put them in jail," was all that I could stammer.

Then my stern yet kindly father smiled his slow, sweet smile and said.

"Suppose you quiet yourself and tell us all about it, Stephen."

I made an effort and began.

"You know father how you thought sailors had robbed Graham's store. Well, I know it was some of our own town boys, for I found all these fresh tobacco tags and candy wrappers, now in mother's hand, by the creek, when I took the cows to water, and sailors would never be crossing there. It was—" but tears again choked me.

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Father nodded—he knew of whom I was speaking, and then I weakly added, “Don’t arrest them, please.”

This was the beginning of my life’s work.

I became one of the most noted detectives in America, but the heart of that little child crying out in his Nova Scotia home grew also, and the soul, reaching out beyond the old harbor-town, refused to be crushed when it later found itself confronted with the horrors of “The System’s Hand.”

And today, when I see young people flung into juvenile prisons, or so-called reform schools, thus started on the downward path, I recall how my father, who was the constable of the county, sought these two youthful robbers, orphans both of them, and on mischief bent, and how he talked to them, and made them repair the damage done, and how they grew up into useful citizens, and I realize how human-nature is the one thing that has not changed with all the years. The children of the late seventies up there in the Canadian country are the same boys and girls we see now, crowded almost to suffoca-

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tion, on Chicago's great West Side, playing and fighting in a dozen different tongues, edging their way into picture-shows, pushing into grimy little candy-shops and often sore put to it to find an extra penny.

Poor little things. The odds are all against them. In most cases their mothers had to stand in some shop or factory up till the very moment of their birth. They have scarcely ever known what it is to have a square meal, or enough clothes on when the snow comes drifting down; but the great fact remains that they are here. They have been buffeted about by meddlesome charity officials, hustled through a few grades of politically controlled public schools, where they received a lot of mis-information and all the diseases known to childhood, and finally dumped back into the reservoir of America's melting-pot,—the street. Yet, looking into their old-world eyes, you catch something of the vision that has sustained the foreign people down through all the ages—the endurance that has out-last-ed pain, the hope that no poverty has ever crushed.

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My fourteenth year found me in the lumber mills of Minnesota, at the head of Knife Falls on the St. Louis river. I had always been ambitious to make my own way in the world, and was the first of a large family of boys to leave home. My work in the mills consisted of trimming lumber. At this dangerous occupation I stood for twelve hours at a time, catching the timber with my hands as it came towards me on the endless chains, and at the same time stepping quickly on the saw with my feet.

The bad water which we had to drink brought on typhoid fever, and while slowly convalescing from this illness, I had time to overhear much of the talk of older employees. Many things that to them were inexplicable, were, to me, owing to my early environment, at least partially clear. It was at this period that I got my first insight into the place a detective holds in a big corporation.

As a child I had often heard my father speak of Scotland Yard, and I imbibed the idea that to be a detective meant something

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very fine. It appealed to me as a life of service, that was the way the people regarded the calling in the colonies and in England, but fate took me to the United States to work out my destiny, and the day came when I turned with such loathing from the work that I had chosen that it was as if I had crawled out of a nest of writhing serpents.

At the Richmond Lumber Company where I was employed, two men, by the names of Clark and Wallace, were sent out by the firm in the capacity of walking bosses. This meant that they were to go about the woods and locate valuable timber lands. The government had barred the monopoly of such land by individual corporations and they set about to overcome this obstacle. This was accomplished by inducing aliens, mostly from Canada, to pre-empt one hundred and sixty acres each. The firm's representatives knew, of course, that it was not possible for any but full-fledged American citizens to take up these homesteads, but the aliens didn't know the law upon the subject. On a

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certain day they found themselves, in a darkened room, compelled to sign papers which they could not see to read. At the expiration of a few months, so-called secret service men, saying they were representing the government, were introduced into the scene, and I think the first thing I realized about a detective was that he must be a pretty good actor. These fellows, playing the part, told the hard-working mill-hands that they were not legally entitled to the land, that they had committed perjury in taking it up, and that their documents were worthless. Here the men sought Wallace, who had gotten them to sign the papers, and told him the situation. Wallace's reply was, "The secret-service men are right. You had better strike for the tall timber at once." He then conveyed to them the impression that he was going to do them a favor by letting them have the pay due them, without the usual twenty-five per cent discount, which was customary, when an employee was forced to draw his earnings before the logging season terminated.

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“What of our land?” cried the men.

Wallace laughed. “Why, you have no land, and what’s more, you stand in danger of prosecution.”

What was left for the men, frightened and discouraged, but to strike indeed for the tall timber.

On a dreary day, in early winter, I saw about a hundred and fifty of my fellow-workmen, fine, up-standing lads, who had thought they were laying the foundations of little homes, turn from their work and sadly disappear into the woods. I have seen many instances, in the years that followed, of masses of human-beings, driven like dumb cattle, but nothing ever touched me more deeply than the sight of these young exploited mill-hands, a haunted look in their eyes, going slowly into the heart of the forest. They were branded by their associates, who were entirely ignorant of the state of affairs, as fugitives from justice, when, as a matter of fact, the signatures that they trustingly put to those papers, in that darkened room, were not affixed to final proofs

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and to pre-emption papers alone, but to deeds and mortgages conveying the land to the Richmond Lumber Company.

It was shortly after this that the boy Earl came into my life. Such a little rough-neck as he was. When I see him today, leading thousands of men and women by the very force of his indomitable personality and making history in the New National Labor Party. I remember the first time I ever saw him. He was lying in a ditch where he had fallen from the top of a freight car, when trying to beat his way to the coast. "Going West," he muttered, as I bent over him and felt for broken bones. He must have been about twelve at this time, but he had already felt the pressure of the iron heel on his neck, and was struggling to get out from under. Literally a child of the people he had known the sufferings of the oppressed. Often he used to tell me of the days when he and his little brothers and sisters begged in vain for a crust of bread, and how his mother would bow her head in her apron and sob bitterly because she had nothing to give her starving brood.

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Somehow or other, I got the cut and bruised boy to my mill boarding house, which was a structure of rough boards. The small portion which I called my room contained a narrow cot, bench and board shelf. For several days Earl was delirious and during that time I heard many strange phrases concerning "grease-monkeys" and "screw-boys." In the period that followed, when he was able to sit up and talk rationally, I got my first glimpse of that great body of Labor which is organized, and I began to sense something of the psychology of the strike.

"We pulled one," Earl said to me once. "That was when I was only ten, too."

With that flame in his voice and eyes that one always notes in the born orator, he curled up on the blankets and began:

"Steve, what show has a guy got in one of them hellholes in the big steel-mills of the East, if he and the rest of the fellows don't stick together? Us boys was a-working twelve-hour shifts, that's one for the day and one for the night, and gee, but it's hard

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keeping awake and working at night. Girls have to do it too. Some of them are so little that they have to stand on boxes to be tall enough to brand tin plates. But there was about sixty of us boys getting five cents an hour for greasing the necks on the cold rolls, and them straw-bosses never intending to pay us a cent more, but we seen how the skilled workers, over in the hot-mills department, by joining together, and having committees to represent them, got big money, compared to the rest of us poor guys, so I up and told the fellows, when the boss wasn't around, and when he was, we talked in hog-latin, that we must get together somehow and ask the superintendent for a raise.

"After talking things over, they chose me and Kelly Ryan and Bill Louis to go and hand our little line of dope to the main gink. We marched right up to the office. Kelly was kinda skeered, and Bill was a-shaking, though he laughed sort of careless, but me? I was having the time of my life. I knew all we needed was a little spunk, and we'd land the raise. Frightening the wits out of

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you is the way them bosses figure they can keep a guy what's working for them, always down and out. When we got to the door of the office I cut out knocking and walks right in. Gee, you should a seen that gink's mug when he seen us kids all covered with grease, just a-dropping it on his nice thick carpet. I give him a chance to speak first, but he couldn't, so I starts right in.

" 'Mr. Laird,' says I, 'we come in to get a raise in wages.'

"He smiled then, and says, 'Well, boys—' but he didn't finish up with 'have a seat,' so I just naturally took one on the edge of his desk.

"He smiled again, polite as you please, and got out a big box of black cigars. We didn't refuse 'em, we understood we was being treated like a regular committee.

" 'And now,' says he, 'what is the nature of your grievance?'

"I answered, 'we are now getting sixty cents a day for twelve hours' work, and we think we are entitled to seventy. If we don't get it, we have voted to strike tomorrow evening at quitting time.'

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“Mr. Laird looked kinda funny then, and says he, ‘Boys, I don’t think you are treating me quite fair. I have to take this matter up with the National office, and it would be impossible to receive a reply under a week.’

“‘I’ve told you,’ says I, ‘What is laid down by the bunch, and that’s all I’ve got to say.’

“We bid him good-day and walked out. Just as we was going down the steps, leading from the office, Laird called me back and taking me aside, says, ‘You are spokesman for all these boys, and we are going to hold you responsible to keep them working until Saturday night, when I may be able to get word from the National office.’ Then he patted me on the shoulder and says, ‘Don’t forget I’m going to buy you a nice new suit of clothes Saturday night.’

“I just looked him all over, and I says, says I, ‘Mr. Laird, you pay us boys seventy cents a day, and we will buy our own clothes,’ and with that I turned and walked away.”

“Did you get it—did you get the raise?” I interrupted.

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“Did we?” answered Earl, “Well, you can just bet your life we did. The next evening we kept our word and pulled the strike. We was only out two hours, when the boss come around and offered us the ten cents raise.” Earl laughed at this point. “You see he didn’t have to send to the National office after all,” said he.

My little room was very lonely after Earl left. He had filled it so with life and laughter, even when wearing the grotesque bandages I had managed to wrap around his arms and legs. I begged him to stay there with me in the timber-land, but he had only shaken his head and replied:

“No, Stevy, I gotta see the world. You’re different. You like books, and you always seem to be studying something, but it’s too quiet here for me. I wanta go down to the cities where there’s lots of folks.”

“I’m going to the city too, some day, Earl, and maybe we’ll meet again,” said I.

But several years passed before our paths again crossed, and then in a manner no man could have foreseen.

CHAPTER II.

"I want you to help me at the polls to-day." It was Fred Hollis speaking, and I looked up from my book and nodded. "All right, old boy, I'm with you."

As we left Police Headquarters, and strolled down the streets of Duluth, "Handsome Hollis," as he was called, explained to me some of the details of my first assignment as special officer.

I had now been in the employ of the city about a week, during which time I had received training as a detective, and I looked forward with much eagerness to my initial job.

"All you have to do is keep the peace and be observant," said he.

"That sounds easy," I replied, and took up my station at the booth which was in a store on the corner of Seventh and Superior streets.

I soon became impressed with the silence of the men who came streaming up the streets. They might have been the inmates

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of a deaf and dumb asylum, stopping on their way to work to cast their ballot for their president, for it was the presidential election of the year 1888.

As the day wore on, and I passed in and out of the voting place, I became curious about the endless number of blue and red, especially red, tickets that were handed to the clerks. The former read "I want to vote the straight Democratic Ticket," and the latter, "I want to vote the straight Republican Ticket." I asked a man, who was collecting the bits of pasteboard, and taking down the men's names, "What on earth is all this for?"

He gave me a pitying glance, but appeared too busy to furnish any further information. Being in the habit of finding out things for myself, and sensing that there was something crooked, I engaged a fairly intelligent-looking laboring man in conversation.

"Pal," said I, "This is a big industrial center. Lots of hard-working men, aren't there?"

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"Over two thousand will vote at this poll," he answered.

"Queer way you have of doing it here in Duluth," I remarked.

The man looked at me a moment, as if hesitating, then said, "A poor man is never given a chance to cast his ballot as he wants—he has to cast it like he is told."

"Who dares to tell you how to vote?" I questioned.

"Who?" he echoed, with that dumb look of suffering on his face that we have grown accustomed to seeing on the faces of the toilers the world over. The men who fell the forests and till the soil and build the cities, but who can not vote as they see fit. "Why, the bosses, of course," he added.

"Pal," said I, "Tell me all about it. I don't even know your name, so no harm shall come to you, but I'm new here, and I like to understand things." The man shifted his lunch-pail from one hand to the other, glanced over at the heavy line of smoke which marked the factory district, and began.

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“For weeks now the ‘ward heelers’ have been going around to all the shops, mills and elevators, and talking with the foremen, and the foremen have done their talking to us workers, and we were told which ticket to vote. The Republican machine is in power here, so most of the men were given orders by them. I guess they’ll elect a Republican president all right. That’s the way I voted, though I belong to the Democratic Party. Still they’re just about the same, when you come down to it,—neither one cares what becomes of the laboring man and the laboring man has no party.”

The man’s voice trailed off as if he were utterly spiritless. I watched him a little while in silence. He was above the average; he had education of a kind, and he had evidently once had his ideals, yet he let himself be driven like an animal.

“Did you have to do as they bid you?” I asked, with a touch of scorn in my voice.

“I have a wife and five children to support,” he answered quietly, “and there’ll be a sixth child soon. When the foremen

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quit giving out the voting orders, they always say for the benefit of any new men who may be present, 'remember, you open your mouths, or let the voting clerks know that you can speak English, or hand in any ticket but the one we give you, and you'll be thrown on the street, your jobs taken from you, and your names placed on the 'black-list,' which means we couldn't get another job anywhere in this community.'

A whistle blew, the man started, and moved hurriedly down the street. I was looking after him when Hollis came up and slapped me on the back.

"Wake up, old chap," said he. "Are you overcome with the number of full-fledged American citizens we have here in Duluth?"

"There does seem to be a good many," I answered absently, my mind on the man who had sacrificed his one chance of having a voice in the government of his country, that his babies might have food.

Hollis laughed heartily. "Why, Steve, don't you know that more than half of these fellows who have voted are aliens? Every-

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body has to hand in a ticket here. I guess the reds have won all right. The Democrat is like the fellow who fell out of the balloon—he isn't in it."

This was in the days before the present Australian ballot system was introduced, compelling those entitled to a vote to register.

But politics have not improved as the years have gone by. They are, if anything, more corrupt. The crudity of the mill-hand, pretending ignorance of the English language by handing in a colored card at the poll, is done away with, but in its place we find the people of the country, who are supposed to be the very government itself, dully, despairingly casting their ballot for municipal, county, state, or National nominees, as the "boss" has ordered them to do, and big business is in absolute control of the situation.

As late as 1916, in some of the states of the Mid-west, I observed illustrations of the truth of this statement in several small towns through which I happened to be pass-

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ing. In one there is a great foundry company, which owns practically all the car-manufacturing plants in the United States, and whose stockholders have held diplomatic positions in European countries. They so control the votes of the citizens of this community that only those who belong to the company "gang" are allowed to cast a ballot at all. If a man on the outside should vote, his vote is not counted. From the prosecuting attorney down to the sheriff, all needed protection is given to the corporation.

In another place, where most of the voters are struggling to make ends meet, and failing, by putting in long hours of service for a great boot and shoe manufacturing concern, they are ruled politically and industrially by one man who, in addition to holding the office of mayor of the town, is paymaster of the company, and the attorney for the same.

In one good-sized town an enormous enameling company, whose excess profits during the first year of the world war were

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something over eight million dollars, informed their foremen, who are in charge of large crews of workmen, that they must pass slips of paper among the men on which they should indicate their political preference, and that unless it was the Republican Party, the plant would shut down for a long time and there would be no work. The middle-man who conveys instructions from employer to employee is generally hired from a private detective agency, and is put into the plant in the capacity of foreman, or understrapper, and is a double paid individual, receiving the usual salary from the company, and a wage from the agency to which he belongs.

Not until the close of the year 1918 did I find any solution of the problem which had pained and perplexed the mill-hand on that far away morning in Duluth, when he had said, "and the laboring man has no party."

In December of that year, close around Christmas time, was born the hope, politically speaking, of the people of America.

After passing through numberless har-

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rowing experiences, including the unearthing of the murder of a child, the exposing of the abduction of the girl Leta Dobey, who had mysteriously disappeared, and who was found brutally murdered, I found myself rapidly acquiring the rudiments of my chosen calling. I had now progressed from municipal employment to the position of operative for a vast corporation. This was the Interstate Traction Company of Duluth. As a detective for the city I had had to swallow many things distasteful, but at least I had felt that I was helping to bring about a safer and saner state of affairs, when I became a member of a private agency, the iron veritably entered into my soul.

* * * *

Soon after I went to work for this Traction Company, I saw that they were much concerned over rumors of a coming strike. The employees were all underpaid and overworked, and repeated efforts on their part to get a slight raise in wages, a little shortening of the hours, and better working conditions, by sending representatives of their

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union to meet with the officials of the company, had availed them nothing, therefore the men were driven to that last resort—the strike. When the company realized this, they did what big business has done and is doing the world over today—they precipitated the strike. While the workers were still going quietly about their duty, hoping against hope, that the employers would show a spark of humanity and grant their requests, the heads of the Traction Trust sent for the famous, or more properly the infamous, bunch of strike breakers known as the Huncky-Dunk gang. They were in the charge of a man named Henry Delden of the Hart Detective Agency, with headquarters in St. Louis. I was detailed, assisted by another operative named Wilton, to find suitable housing for these men. Duluth was so well organized by this time that it would have been impossible to get a bed or meal for them at any hotel or boarding-house. So we prepared the upper story of the street-car barns at 28th Avenue West, and filled it up with cots. There were about

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a hundred and sixty men in all, the lowest type of manhood it has ever been my misfortune to meet. They began fighting among themselves and robbing each other that very first night.

With every thing against them, the employees were still sticking it out when the company deliberately discharged three men who had been in their service for fifteen years. They had committed no offense and their standing was very high. They were efficient and trusted employees, so that this sudden discrimination, on the part of the employers, incensed the rest of the workers to such an extent that they all walked out and the strike was on. It was just what the company desired. The private detectives and the gang of strike breakers now began operations. I witnessed them placing dynamite on the tracks and blowing up the cars. Delden seemed disappointed that no lives were lost.

"Why, I've become so expert doing this kind of thing," said he, "that I bet I could blow the top of your hat off without moving a hair of your head."

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The trust press was given the news that the union men were causing the explosions, and following instructions from the Traction corporation, and as usual giving no heed to the plea of the working-man that he be given a square deal in the paper, the headlines were all about how dangerous the striker was becoming.

The next move was to frame the organization. And here comes in one of the most insidious methods employed by Capital to defeat Labor and which calls for the complete co-operation of the "system's hand."

A man by the name of LeMoyne, at least that was the name he went by in Duluth, had long since been planted in the very heart of the union itself. Corporations, telling the private detective agencies, with whom they are in constant communion, to go the limit to keep them informed as to the movements of the workers, are given much perverted information by the agency, who in turn has gotten a lot of twisted tales from the agents who are sent into every town and hamlet to worm their way into organized labor.

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These Judas Iscariots are told to spend money lavishly, there is plenty more where the first came from (the toilers are producing it right along) and to pose as being greatly interested in the cause of the laboring man. They are told to follow some craft long enough to be admitted into a union, and then urged to strive after some office in the organization. In such a capacity a private detective can readily tell when the workers are at the breaking point of endurance, and when the actual pangs of hunger can no longer be endured. But this is not the way their reports read—they are concocted so as to convey to the corporation the news that the organized men are in a wild state of revolt against all law and order and that the very lives of the employers themselves are in danger, but that they, the agency men, may be able to defend them from the hand of the assassins. This puts the middle-men, the private detectives, in such complete control of the industrial situation that they have even gotten to the point where they can command armies.

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Sending this creature, LeMoyne, and a woman whom he called his wife, to the theater one night, three of us received instructions to go to his house and place a large box of dynamite in the bedroom closet. When LeMoyne returned, we were waiting for him, we exhibited the dynamite, caused a scene in the neighborhood, and the following morning the papers contained the startling news that explosives, evidently intended for the blowing up of the Interstate Traction Company Offices, had been found in the home of one of the union officials.

Public sentiment was now running pretty high. The strikers were getting the worst of it on every side, and we operatives no sooner finished up one piece of iniquitous work than we began on another.

Dynamite was continually being placed by us on the street car tracks, and a car manned by strike-breakers would be nearly blown up and the frightened passengers would hear the words, "There goes them union devils again." Often I marveled at the credulity of mankind that takes so much

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for granted, and never undertakes to make an investigation. Had one man started to ferret out the truth, we could not have worked with the ease and carelessness we did.

I remember one night seeing a bunch of the detective agency gang run a car out from the barn and smash it all to pieces. They dropped the word that they were union men. People fled in terror from them, and in a short while the city authorities had what they termed the desperate element of organized labor safely behind the bars. Le-Moyne soon had them all bailed out, and I heard him make the remark: "It takes money to keep this system going. It's a good thing I have access to the union funds." Not content with casting black suspicion on the innocent strikers, who had merely asked a chance to live, and by this asking, brought down the wrath of the community upon their heads, the detectives, wanting to make a showing, decided to kill a regular union man, and I was the one selected to attend to this pleasant little job.

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By this time I was working doggedly. I didn't dare to stop to reason things out any more. My very soul cried in revolt at the life I was leading, but somehow I kept thinking that at the next turning, I would find a way out. I realized I was caught in a labyrinth and I was miserable. The night that I returned from planting sticks of dynamite within the coal in the basement of the company's office, where they would be found by another paid espoigner and taken to the employers as evidence of how far the employees on the street cars had gone to bring about a destructive condition of affairs, the union men were holding a massmeeting in their hall, which was located on the third floor of a downtown building. Horace Durkin, my associate in the assignment, and I climbed to a roof, across the street, by means of a fire escape. The night was hot and the windows of the hall were all open. We could look right in and see and hear everything.

Two or three speakers had briefly addressed the workers when a tall and splendid looking young fellow mounted the platform.

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"That's our man," muttered Durkin, nudging me suddenly. "He's an agitator up here from Frisco or somewhere, and he thinks he knows what he's talking about. Let him sing his swan song—we'll show who's running this here shooting match," but I scarcely heard him. I was looking at the man who was speaking. From what he said, I gathered that he was an organizer for the American Federation of Labor, and something in his voice and manner carried me back to the forest and old lumber mills where I had worked. The man was saying:

"Brothers, just stick it out a little longer, we are bound to win. You, who have tried the economic battle alone know that, as individuals, you stand no more chance than does a scrap of paper in a sandstorm. You'd soon be whirled off your feet and into outer darkness. Our one asset is our strength of numbers, and even numbers, without organization, will avail you nothing. But where you find a great mass of struggling human-beings so intelligently and so harmoniously welded together that ten thousand men may

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speak with the voice of one, you see realized the toiler's only hope of being allowed to live at all—the Union. I'm finding out a lot of things since I came on here. There's a spotter in your midst, but I think I know who he is, and I'm going to prove who's making all the trouble. Only be patient a few days longer. Only keep your ranks intact. Don't listen to the men the bosses send around to your homes to try to persuade you to come back to work. Neither use violence. You don't have to. They'll do plenty of that. You don't have to raise your hand. You don't have to do a thing but stick. Stick, and the fight is won."

Durkin, sitting beside me on the roof, let out an oath. "God, we got to get him sure—do you hear what he's saying?"

"Yes, I hear," I answered absently.

I was watching the men who were clapping their hands and cheering the speaker. Such tired and weary-looking men. Their shabby clothes and care-worn faces telling the tale of want and worry, and yet in their eyes the light that keeps forever burning,

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so that from one generation to another the truth is passed on and on, and from out the ranks of the toilers of the world are sprung the leaders of men.

The leader in the hall that night moved on down the stairs and out into the street. The crowd followed him. With the men who formed the strike committee, he drew aside a little and conferred quietly.

"What are you waiting for?" growled Durkin, as we slipped to the ground and I stood silent. Then he pushed me roughly. "You darn fool, are you asleep or just plain drunk. I say, do you hear me?"

"O, yes, I hear you," I answered, and all the time I was thinking of a little chap tossing on a bed of pain and yet crying bravely "Never mind, Stevey, we'll win yet, see if we don't." And I was saying to myself, this thing can't happen to the boy Earl. That was his voice, his gestures, his smile. I know him, and I'm supposed to kill him.

"A fellow takes considerable risk doing a job like this," I complained. I had to say something, I was sparring for time.

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Durkin spat a mouthful of tobacco on to the sidewalk, and gave an ugly laugh.

"Risk nothing," he replied. "Why see here, you greenhorn, the agency guarantees us fellows absolute protection from any penalty of the law. The corporation we're working for has previously guaranteed it to the agency. We're immune. Every city, county, and state official either shuts up or speaks out, just as they have been bought to do. That's why the big companies and trusts need so much money. How can they afford to give the workers better wages? They can't," and he spat another mouthful. I hadn't moved and Durkin began to get angry.

"Look here, if you're afraid, I'll do the killing myself," he sneered. "I tell you, Doyle, you make me sick."

He turned abruptly and moved on down the street after the men who walked with Earl. I moved too, but it seemed to me I was moving in a nightmare, and was inhibited from saying or doing a thing. Moments passed that seemed like hours, and

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we found ourselves watching the marked group from the cover of Morton's popular saloon.

Earl was standing out in front talking softly to his men when Durkin suddenly pushed open the door and was upon him. His gun was even pointed before I was able to shake off the terrible lethargy which had enveloped me. Then I sprang forward and threw his arm up. The firing attracted those who were within hearing. A woman across the street screamed, and two policemen came running towards us. Durkin, cursing me, had dropped the gun at Earl's feet and fled. One of the officers thought he took in the situation at a glance. He picked up the gun and turned to Earl.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he snarled. "Shooting up the town. A fine bunch this union is. Well, you just come along with me."

"This man didn't do the shooting," I said, stepping up. "I did, but I did it for a purpose, right into the sky." I smiled and showed him my badge. He looked at me curiously a moment, then handed over the

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gun. Durkin was right, I would have been safe no matter what I had done. Baffled and perhaps peeved, the policeman turned and began ordering the crowd that had gathered to move along and quit their noise, or he'd "sap somebody over the bean."

Through all these tense moments Earl had never taken his eyes off of me, and when I started to go, he moved in my direction. One of his committee called out, "Don't follow him, Earl, that's one of them dicks."

"I know," Earl answered, "but I think I knew him before he was one. Just wait for me a minute, I'll be back." Then raising his voice, "Stevey." I turned and our hands clasped.

"My God, old boy," he almost sobbed, "how did you ever come to fall so low?"

"I think I told you once, Earl, that I intended to be a detective."

"Detective," he echoed. "Your work is that of a thug and gunman."

"It's pretty rotten here in the employ of this company," I admitted. "But I am going to make a change."

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Earl put his hands on my shoulders, "Stevey, old boy," he said quietly. "You will find it the same wherever you work for a private corporation. You are getting to be a part of the system's hand, the black factor which permeates every form of human endeavor."

He was very convincing and very winning. My affection for the plucky little wage-slave from the steel-mills was revived, and somehow I realized that here was a man all other men would have to respect.

"Earl," said I, "I don't wonder that you feel this way about my calling, but I don't want to let one awful experience make me bitter or prejudice me, when I'm only just beginning. I was born and raised to be a detective. Surely there is a place for me to do honest work somewhere." Earl looked at me for a moment, and an expression of keen disappointment crossed his face.

"All right, old boy," he said crisply. "You always liked to find out things for yourself, I remember, but you are a bit of a dreamer, you know, and it takes you longer

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than it does me to see through people. When you do come to your senses, let me hear from you. Here's my card," and he turned on his heel and left me standing there.

How often in after years I've looked back on that night and wondered why I stood there dumbly watching Earl join his companions and disappear into the distance, and while I was turning over in my mind what he had said, someone touched me on the arm, and the foreman, or straw boss, as he was called, who was in the employ of the company, and to whom most of us reported any progress we had made, demanded angrily, "What in hell's the matter with everything tonight, anyhow?"

"We've gone the limit," I answered. "We've got to give in—the men are on to us. Killing a dozen of them wouldn't do any good now. Public sentiment will turn in less than twenty-four hours. Tell the President of the Traction Company that he had better settle at once. That fellow LeMoyné has bungled the job." Then I turned and walked away, and the next morning as I was

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packing my grip in preparation to leave Duluth, I heard the newsboys calling out, "Extry paper here, all about the big strike ending, Street car company grants demands of union men. Extry paper here."

CHAPTER III.

Like many another heartsick fellow I turned my face towards the West with no definite plans for the future.

I felt that there must be a need for me somewhere, and that Earl's opinion of my calling was biased. The experience with the street car company in Duluth had been enough to revolt me with the very thought of being a detective, but I recalled certain words of my father, which had implanted in my mind, the importance of the position such a man holds in human society. I remembered a story he used to tell of the robbing of a railroad station in Quebec, where several respectable families had been held under suspicion, until such time as my father, acting in the capacity of a detective, cleared their names and fixed the felony on the real offender.

I went over in my mind the details of the famous Amherst mystery in New Brunswick, where he also saved an innocent person from punishment and brought to justice

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the real criminal, who, in this instance, was a maniac escaped from a nearby asylum. Surely, to preserve law and order, a detective was needed and by nature I was fitted to do the work of one—what then was the matter? The matter was that I was still influenced by the traditions of my Scotch-Irish ancestors, who had grown up in the environment of Scotland Yard, where the duties performed were, and to this day are, comparatively legitimate, and I was living, not in England, but America, where money rules, and where the enormous detective trusts have reached out and appropriated every individual who would give himself to this calling, and made it impossible for him to transact a clean piece of business if he would. But Earl was right—I must find out things for myself.

It must have been that some vague hope of bettering conditions, rather than ignorance of them, prompted my decision to stay on, and I recall how I pictured myself bringing the attention of government officials to the deplorable state existing in such

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companies as the one whose employ I had just left. The day came, however, when I realized the utter futility of being able to get back of the moneyed interests, the powerful corporations, the vast trusts, which are, in the last analysis, the final courts from which we have no appeal.

* * * *

Standing on a pine-clad mountain top I looked down on the Couer-de-Alene mining districts of Shoshone County, Idaho, known, locally, as The Bitter Root. In a valley, made beautiful by nature and cruelly disfigured by man, I traced the outlines of the Davis-Inslow mine, one of the largest silver-leaf shippers in the world.

I had been directed here two or three years after coming West and was now in the employ of a so-called high-class private agency. My work consisted in prowling around among the employees and reporting the general sentiment which prevailed. About three thousand "hands" were toiling under-ground and over. The wages were pitifully low, the hours long, and the con-

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ditions unspeakable. The mines were very wet. The air was foul, and much of the work of the miners had to be accomplished lying on the side or bent double. Those working on the day-shift never saw the sunlight, and among those, to whom it fell to load the ore on the cars, one seldom found a man who was not half sick. A large number of them became what is known as "leaded", a fatal malady brought on by the length of time passed under-ground in such an atmosphere.

From the concentrators the mine averaged a daily shipment of twenty-seven thousand tons of ore which was conveyed to the various smelters of the country. Here the silver is separated and sent to the mines, and the pig-lead is bought chiefly by the manufacturers of bullets.

The miners' little homes, clustered all about the mountain, were rudely constructed of logs, tar-paper and rocks. Babies and domestic animals huddled together in the dooryards. Conditions had vastly improved, I was told, since the men had become 100

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per cent organized but, with the introduction of the union, had come the introduction of the paid espiongers. They were making all the trouble possible, but they had not been able as yet to make trouble enough to call forth the National Guards.

Governor Samuels was a far-seeing man and a friend of the working people. We find them occasionally, these rare spirits, even in the so-called higher walks of life—men and women who are treading the path fearlessly, holding the torch up so that those who follow may see the light and know which way to turn; but like all reformers and revolutionists, who have the courage of their convictions, they pay the price with their lives.

This Governor argued that the union men had not done anything to warrant the sending into the state of Federal Troops and he refused to call upon the chief executive of the country when the company requested him to do so. This put the company to the necessity of forcing one of the agencies' operatives into the miners' organization.

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The President of the Miners' Federation, believing this detective to be on the square, extended to him the right hand of fellowship and the betrayer immediately blew up a one-half million dollar concentrator and threw the stigma on the union. So great a catastrophe was this dynamiting that the wreckage furnished eight thousand cords of wood. Still the Governor refused to call for troops, and the company went over his head in the matter and appealed to the President of the United States. The chief executive was made to believe that the miners' organization was composed of a very dangerous set of men and he ordered into Idaho the first Nebraska regiment consisting of over eight hundred men.

Then came the erection of the "bull-pen". We who have seen these inclosures in the steel districts, as late as the year 1919, during the great strike era, know how they look and know also that the brutal and inhuman treatment to which organized labor was subjected several years ago has not diminished one iota. Into a corral of fourteen feet high

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posts and closely woven barbed wire, the union men were thrust. They had committed no offense. They were victims of the "system's hand" that's all.

I saw mere boys and I saw old men pushed up against the sides of the pen where the barbed wire pierced their flesh and caused the blood to flow, put through the third degree and tortured to make them confess to the blowing up of the concentrator. When they refused to perjure themselves they were kept in the pens for weeks at a time. I have only to close my eyes now, to see them standing or lying about the straw, the rain often beating down upon them—hard-working husbands and fathers, corraled like cattle, and treated worse. The red-iron stains made a dull patch of color on their overalls, and they would hold their hands above their straining eyes the better to see some familiar little shack where a frightened wife and hungry babies waited and waited and no one ever came. The fearful stench of the pen rose up and permeated all the mountain air.

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After awhile another regiment from Kansas was sent to join the Nebraska Guards, and then before the elapse of many days, a negro regiment from the State of Washington was sent, at the instigation of the company, into Idaho and camped around the Davis-Inslow mine.

A sergeant named Phillips, an old man who beneath his uniform still carried a heart, and under his soldier cap a bit of brain that could not be bought, was doing guard duty around the pen one night when the toilers began to tunnel their way out, and Phillips, seeing them, kept on guarding until the tunnel was finished. Later he was court-martialed and his pension taken from him, but he only remarked, "I would rather lose a hundred pensions than go on witnessing the barbaric treatment accorded those poor miners."

Spies were stationed over the little homes of the men who were imprisoned and whenever the women went to the creek to get water with which to do their washing, they were subjected to coarse insult. When per-

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secution was about at its height, "Death-on-the-trail" Syd Barker, impersonating a United States Marshal and wearing a star, shot down seven men in cold blood. He thought they were all strikers, for by this time a strike had been precipitated, but it transpired that five of the victims were disguised gunmen in the employ of the company. The two others were regular union men, two splendid fellows named Darrington and O'Shay, whose wives were teaching school in the shack where the children of the miners went for a few months before they were swallowed into the bowels of the earth. These men were unarmed, but as soon as he had killed them, Barker pulled two half-loaded thirty-eight calibre revolvers from his pocket and placed one each in the pockets of the dead men who were lying on the street in a pool of their own blood. When the officers found them, they decided that the men's wives should not be allowed to even see them, and they were buried while still warm, in a burying-ground called Aceldama, which is a Hebrew word

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meaning "The Field of Blood" or "The Sepulchre of Forgotten Things".

I couldn't stand it all any longer. I went to Boise, and asked for an interview with the chief executive of the state. I had not long to wait at the capital before I was ushered into Governor Samuels' private office. There I confided to him the secrets that were burdening my conscience. I could talk to him freely, for there was so much response in his grave kindly face. When I told him of the frame-ups, of the persecutions, and the murders, he grasped me by the hand and said:

"Doyle, I knew it. I have felt that there was something crooked going on all the time, but I couldn't seem to unravel the mystery, and no one could without the help of one of you who have been a part of the awful system itself. I can understand how you have been led into this life, and I think you are a very remarkable man indeed to take this risk, and lay bare the hideous truths connected with it. I will do everything in my power to break its hold."

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I thanked him, and as I looked into his face, and read there his consecration to duty, I seemed to sense that I would never see him again. Standing there silent for a moment, our hands clasped—it was as if we both saw the long line of exploited workers, thousands upon thousands of them marching past with drooping heads and dragging feet, going the round of inexorable toil, producing, always producing, and I realized that this man was willing to make the supreme sacrifice for them. Slowly I raised my head and looked him squarely in the eyes. I had gotten my perspective. I knew now why I was a part of the “system’s hand”. I was there that I might bring to light the hidden things that struck men down. Henceforth I would serve my fellow-men as I had wanted to serve. I would be a detective among detectives, an operative with a mission. Earl might call it sinking low, but somebody had to do the work, and I would do it to the end of the chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

A short while later, I was sent by my agency up into British Columbia where a strike had been in progress for nine months. After six weeks of watchful waiting, I was able to study out the secret work being done there.

The companies in Canada differ from the ones in the States in this respect—that up there, they are sought by the agencies, and here in the States, the agencies are sought by the companies.

Captain Bell of the Hart branch of the system had gotten the job for himself, and his men, by telling the heads of the corporation that owned and directed the operation of the mines, that a lot of desperate men from the States were mingling among the workers, and endangering the employers' rights and property, and that only by securing the aid of his crew, could they escape disaster. The officials took in all they were told, thanked the chief for his information,

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and promptly engaged the whole outfit to protect them.

Shortly after my arrival in the town of Kaslo, I met Edmond Montford, president of the Bank of British Columbia. I walked into the bank one morning and handed him my card. He read the words "Stephen A. Doyle" and then looked at me a little quizzically. "It seems to me," he said, with a smile, "that you are the man who blacked my boots for me at the Lakeview Hotel last night."

"The same," I answered. "I am a detective, and I find I can get quicker results when working 'under cover', though I can't say I particularly enjoy the job of cleaning cuspidors, scrubbing floors, and blacking boots. However, I hear many things this way, for people never stop to consider that a poor porter might have ears, and if ears, a brain."

Mr. Montford regarded me questioningly. "But why do you come to me?" he said, evidently interested, but mystified. "And whom do you represent?"

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"Just a detective," said I.

We were both leaning on the high mahogany counter. He asked me to sit down. We did so, and I began:

"Mr. Montford, you, as financial head of the big mining interests in this Slocan district, are employing about four hundred operatives of the Hart Detective Agency. Some are operating in the miners' union by number, an arrangement which makes it impossible for anyone to identify them. Now in your vault you have thousands of reports given you by Captain Bell. These reports are supposed to be accurate statements concerning the sentiment which prevails among the miners, whereas they are ridiculous misstatements written by the agents for the purpose of terrifying you and the other owners of the mines, thus making you feel dependent upon the agency for protection. In these reports are mentioned the names of such men as Dave Scott, Archy Williams, and James Delvine, fine substantial union men and efficient miners, but they have been described to you as dangerous, threatening

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to destroy life and property. I have positive proof that, during the nine months and more that this district has been in the throes of a strike, you and the rest of the company have paid the detectives no less than one and one-half million dollars, and perhaps you know how far that exceeds the amount paid in wages to the workers."

"You have gone far enough," said he. "But will you refer me to some man of prominence who will endorse you?"

"Do you use the Bedford McNeil code?"

"Why, yes, with a few modifications for our own private use."

"Very well, send a wire to James G. Hood, president of the Great Western Railway, worded to suit yourself, and ask him if Stephen A. Doyle is to be trusted."

I left the bank, and returned to the Lakeview Hotel, where in my basement room I changed the clothes I had worn for the dirty overalls of the porter, and was soon engaged in shining a pair of shoes.

The next evening Edmond Montford slipped into the high chair where the men

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sat to have their boots blackened, and picking up a newspaper, remarked carelessly, "I guess you are about the best bootblack I know. Come over to see me tonight, any time after nine o'clock, and I will have something for you."

When I again found myself in Mr. Montford's private office, he took me warmly by the hand and exclaimed, "Hood says you are all right. Now tell me how we can best bring about an end to this strike."

"Fire Bell and his crew." said I.

"Will that be safe?"

"They will threaten you and the other employes, of course, but they will not put into execution any threats. They are all cowards at heart."

Montford remained in deep thought for quite a while, his head resting on his hand. I could see by the troubled look in his eyes how great a hold the system had upon him. Finally he called in the other managers of the mines who were in an adjoining room, and introducing me, explained my errand.

The men were dumbfounded. I tried to

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make clear to them how I had come into possession of so much knowledge concerning their affairs.

"Why, this Bell," said I, "came to town disguised as a peddler. He has had the detectives reporting to him constantly, and I have heard practically everything they have been saying to each other. You remember two men, named Fuller and Schultz, who recently threatened the lives of some of you men, and whom you were led to believe were members of the miners' organization? Well, they are both a part of the Hart crew."

After a long conversation, and with evident trepidation, they decided to take my advice. In a few days, it became known that Bell had been told to take his men and go. The owners would deal directly with the employes in the mines through the miners' union representatives. This so angered the chief of the detective squad that he redoubled his efforts to bring suspicion upon the organization.

One night, as I stood in Mr. Montford's office talking with him, the back door was

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suddenly burst open, and a giant of a fellow, Wade Young, by name, sprang into the room, and cursing Montford, raised his hand as if to deal a blow. The owners had always thought this man a violent member of the miners' union, but I knew him for what he was. Stepping forward, and in front of Montford, who had turned white as death, I said, "Captain Bell sent you to make this threat—get out!"

The man simply crumpled and slunk away.

Turning to Montford, I smiled and said, "You see."

When I left the bank a little later, Young was lying in wait for me. After considerable of a tussle, in which I was losing, passersby pulled the man off, and I swore out a warrant for his arrest. When taken before the justice of the peace, and questioned as to why he had attacked me, he broke down and confessed everything. The judge gave him two hours to leave town.

The Provincial Constabulary of Canada then took every measure to rid their coun-

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try of these agents. The result was that in a short while, the whole Hart crew had crept back across the border and into their native land again.

The big strike came to a satisfactory close for both employers and employees, and there has never been any further labor trouble in that section of the mining district to the present day; however, it was only a matter of years until another branch of the system made a successful entry into the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and brought about a condition of affairs that finds no counterpart in modern history.

Bell now sent for me to come to Nelson, B. C., and talk over a business proposition. I felt that for the present, the best thing for me to do was to keep track of him and his dealings and the way to do that most effectively was to appear to play into his hands.

Bell realized that I knew entirely too much about the secret workings of the system, and was too thoroughly antagonistic to that system for it to be safe for me to be at

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large, therefore he wanted to get me back under his control.

I shall never forget that trip from one mining district to another. Leaving Kaslo of an early morning, I traveled by narrow-gauge railway through a very deep canyon. The road wound and climbed up-hill all the way along the sides of the lofty Toad and Caribou Mountains. The scenery here is magnificent. I arrived at the little town of Sandon in time for the noon-day meal, and continued by narrow-gauge to a place called New Denver, where I transferred to a boat and traveled by way of the Arrow-Head Lakes to my destination.

Bell met me. I saw by his first glance that he feared me, and I longed inexpressibly to turn aside from all the human suffering which I was probably going to witness, and go on drifting down the mountain side, where infinite peace and the majesty of silence reigned. But there was to be no turning back, only a going forward, though it led me through all that was ghastly.

Bell had gotten another mining company

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under his control. His opening remarks to me were "Don't be a fool, Doyle, and make sacrifices for the workers, much less the corporations—they have no mercy on anyone. You have ability. Stick to me, and I'll make you rich and famous. This year alone I can promise you a clear profit of thirty thousand." Then he handed me two books, in which to keep accounts, and said: "In one of these record the real amount of your expenses, and in the other, a much larger amount. The latter will be sent to the company, and they, afraid to do without our protection, will pay it, never fear." He laughed as at a great joke, and my heart grew sick at the contemplation of so much deception.

Bell then urged me to join a lodge of which he was a member, as he said it would be a bond between us, and as he expressed it, "give us a common ground to stand on." I was further instructed to choose my own "under cover disguise", and proceed to work as he directed.

I thought it all over. I realized that I

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must gain still deeper insight into the methods employed by the "System's Hand" to defeat every effort made by the producers of wealth to gain a bare livelihood, let alone any participation of the joys of life, and to enable me to speak with authority on the subject, I knew I would have to appear to practice the very evils that later, when the time should come, I could reveal to all the world.

I decided to open an employment agency, and I called it the "Western Canadian." Bell told me to procure him all the miners and other workers possible, even women to run eating houses, and then he said to me, "Give to every employee that you send to the company instructions that their main job is to sow seeds of dissension. They are to create a feeling of distrust between employer and employee, between race and race, always to see to it that labor is divided against itself. Tell them that we will be watching, and the man or woman who stirs up the most trouble will be rewarded accordingly."

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Bell left, and I started to operate the agency. A man by the name of Daniels had been elected to the Dominion Parliament on the Union Ticket, and he had done a great deal to alleviate the sufferings of the miners by establishing the eight-hour law.

An employer who worked a man under ground, beyond this specified time was fined a thousand dollars, and a point that the private operatives had been told to stress was the undesirability of such a law.

One morning, soon after I began operations, a stolid-looking Swede walked into the office and said he wanted work. I told him I could get him a job, but that he must undertake to do certain things besides merely working for the company who owned the mines, and that he would be well paid. I then outlined a course of action he was to pursue, and the man agreed to follow instructions.

"If the miners are all right, how do I report them bad?" he asked, in a puzzled voice.

"You will be working with them on an

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eight-hour shift," said I. "You can turn in a report showing that the men associated with you are loafing on the job ever since this eight-hour law went into effect. You can then show how much better they worked when they toiled ten or twelve hours." He smiled comprehensively.

"Just lie like hell all the time?"

"That's the dope, now go on."

"But who do I make reports to?" he continued, with characteristic persistence.

"Put them all in writing," I answered. "Sign number nine at the bottom of each page, and address the papers to Harry Andrews, Box 55, Rosland, B. C."

It was not necessary to explain to this fellow that Bell was the man who always opened Box 55, and in the days that followed, one of the few bits of humor in the whole situation were the reports that number nine sent in. I have one still preserved, which reads:

"Box 55, Dear Sir: All day the miners sit down and smoke pipes and talk of blowing up the mines. That eight-hour business is

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very bad since it makes them awful restless for the old days when they could sit in the mines for about eleven hours and play cards and drink whiskey. A fellow asked me if I carried a card, I told him 'no, I carried a gun.' (Did you want me to let that part out?) This union man was awful nice to me, and I think I'd like to join, but I'll report him no good, and wait instructions about the joining. What in hell is all this lying leading to anyway, and when do I get my pay for the damn job? Please answer, and say what you want in the next letter. It's not easy making it up.

“Respectfully,

“HANS CHRISTIAN, No. 9.

“P. S.—Don't forget about the pay.”

* * * *

On a certain sunny morning, when the beauty of the mountains seemed to pervade even the dingy detective-employment agency, and while I stood looking out of an unclean window on the towering cliffs, with the fir trees growing thick upon them, a stranger entered the office, and spoke to me

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in the unmistakable London accent, with which I had been familiar as a child. Just why, I don't know, but I felt intuitively that he was endeavoring to conceal this very accent, and I came forward and regarded him closely. A gentleman in the true sense of the word, I said to myself, and aloud I asked, "Can I do anything for you, sir."

The stranger smiled. "These mountains," he said softly, "I am carried away with the grandeur of them. I have been listening to those water-falls out there, and I think I never heard such music."

I nodded. "They help me, too," said I, and it seemed to me as if here were a man who would understand whatever I might wish to express, without the need of putting the thought into words. We stood in silence for a moment, that silence which is the height of companionship, then I pulled myself out of the dream-world, into which I so often strayed, and regarded the stranger with the keen eyes of a trained detective. Why was he here? What kind of a trap was being laid for me? Was Bell

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hoping to catch me napping? And all the while I knew that the man, leaning carelessly against the counter, was reading the questions passing through my mind.

Past-master of my art that I was, I realized that in this man, with his casual remarks about the beauty of the mountain scenery, I had met my match. I decided to be very much on guard, and for a while the conversation between us was a pretty piece of fencing. I parried every delicate thrust he made, and at last he gave up with a little sigh and moved towards the door.

"Do you know," said he, looking back over his shoulder, "that you appear to me to be more of a detective than the kind of a man one usually finds in charge of an employment agency?"

"Indeed," said I. "Perhaps one who might have come from Scotland Yard?"

He wheeled around quickly. "Yes, you might."

"If there were a man like you to open the door of Opportunity, who knows?"

"Listen," said he, "I trust you. I don't

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know why, but I do. This is my card." I took the bit of pasteboard, and read, 'Alfred M. Greer, Scotland Yard'. Scotland Yard—how that name always thrilled me, and brought back to my mind the very earliest impressions of my childhood. I held out my hand. "Mr. Greer, my name is Doyle. I can't even begin to tell you how glad I am that you have come. It has been so hard, at times, working all alone." Then I told him something of myself and my surroundings.

"I am representing my government," said Greer, "in an investigation against a man named Wilfred Storms, who organized the Western Canadian Mining Company. The London Universal Insurance Company has advanced about twenty million dollars, and, to use plain language, they feel that they have been robbed of their money. However, I am here to investigate and report, and I want you to aid me, if you will."

Then I knew why I had been led to do this work for Bell and why I had stayed on when I couldn't see that I was accomplishing anything. "It's often been like this,"

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said I, as if he would understand what I was talking about. Greer nodded.

"Yes," he replied, "a born detective is a psychic also."

"Mr. Greer, I'm going to have to tell you something that will shock you, but the sooner you get to the bottom of this affair, the better. The thefts that you have come over here to find out about are being done by members of our profession." He looked at me a moment, as if stupified, then exclaimed, "Why, impossible. How could detectives do that? They are to protect property, not to steal it." It took a long while to make things plain to this man, who, with all his experience, had never stumbled on to any parallel. Many times he shook his head, as if utterly bewildered, and once he asked abruptly, "But who gives them authority?"

"In this mine the operatives are under the control of a Captain Bell of the Hart Service Company, Incorporated."

"The Hart Service Company, Incorporated?" he echoed, "Operating on British territory—I don't understand."

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"It is an American concern," I replied, "that has wormed its way across the lines."

"America," he cried, more astonished than ever, "and do they allow such atrocities there?"

"Mr. Greer," said I, "have you not observed that every country has a ruler? In America, just at present, the subjects are compelled to do homage to a king called Gold."

"Gold," he repeated, "but detectives, we were talking of them—I don't get the point of contact."

"No," I said, "I see you don't. I think I shall have to show it to you in a concrete form. Come with me."

Without a word he followed as I led the way out of the office, down the road for half a mile, and then up a steep trail for another half. Here I branched off into the underbrush and a few minutes later, after some steady digging on my part, Greer was looking down upon the buried treasure of the agency. In a rude sort of casket, which I had managed to pry open, lay great chunks of yellow gold.

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"The company put some of the operatives to doing the work of furnace men about the mine," I explained, "and they allowed the smelter to become chilled, and when the gold, instead of running off into the sands, settled at the bottom, they cut it out with cold chisels, in large pieces, like you see. For many weeks now they have been dropping small bits into the pockets of the union miners, so as to throw suspicion upon them, and a number of innocent fellows are serving prison sentences in consequence."

Greer had grown very pale. "It is unbelievable," was all he could murmur. After a while he asked, "But the company here in this district—do none of them try to get to the root of a felony such as this?"

"They are accessories to it," I replied. "The superintendent and general manager of the mine is the ring-leader of them all."

Another silence, which I did not interrupt, and while watching me put the earth carefully back over the stolen gold, Greer asked, "How did they ever get this box up here—we are a long way from the mine?"

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“They shipped it in a coffin-shaped receptacle, so that the railroad officials would think it was a body for burial, but as the gold is much heavier than a corpse would be, some of the detectives traveled with it and did all the handling themselves.”

Greer stood gazing down upon the place when I had finished my task, as if he were looking upon a newly made grave. When he raised his eyes I saw that he had at last unraveled the tangle.

“The agents’ operatives are in collusion with the company here in Canada to rob the English Syndicate—am I right?” he asked, speaking slowly, as if he wanted to progress step by step.

I nodded.

“And the English Syndicate,” he continued, “is robbing the Insurance Company who advanced the twenty million?”

“Correct.”

“Then that brings it all up to the point that the man who first conceived the big idea of opening and operating these mines, Wil-

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fred Storms, is the man I am after. I need never have left London."

"No," I said, "it was necessary that you come, or you would never have found him, even in London, for it was not in London that he worked, but here, with the aid of the 'system's hand', which is an exclusive American product and indispensable to all swindles."

* * * *

The following year found us both engaged in some very intricate investigation work in the State of Idaho where I had first come after leaving Duluth.

I had persuaded Greer to stay on and study conditions as I knew them to be.

"It is necessary that you should do so," said I, "for you have already seen how this menace, with which we are contending, has crept across seas and into other lands."

I kept thinking of Governor Samuels, and I heard and saw evidence everywhere of how well he was fulfilling his promise to me to befriend the worker. He had made investigations and had succeeded in driving out

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the nest of private detectives operating in the Coeur-de-Alene mining district. But he had not been able to root them out of the state, nor even out of the little town where the Governor's mansion stood. They were closing in on him, but with that fine fearlessness which characterized him, Samuels chose to ignore all threats that he received from the detectives, telling him that the union men were after him. He had been on my mind particularly for several days, when one evening Greer and I sat in my room at the hotel, and smoked and watched the wreaths curl upward from our pipes. At intervals we spoke, discussing our coming separation. He was now ready to return to London, and I had decided to journey further Southwest and see something of California.

"You will have a mighty poor opinion of the profession to carry back with you, Greer," said I. He smiled a little sadly. "Nevertheless, I have known you," he replied. "But Doyle, tell me, are the members of the department of justice of the

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States as vile as these private agents who operate in such vast numbers everywhere?"

"No," I answered, "they are not. Many of them are only too anxious to bring about a better condition, but they are so utterly helpless, being dupes themselves of the 'system's hand'."

"But how? I really cannot quite comprehend."

"It is owing to capital's control," I answered. "The profiteers who have made millions out of labor are so drunk with the lust of power and the greed for gold that they stop at nothing, even murder itself. However, they do not actually perform the act themselves, that kind of work is left to the highly-paid private detective, who, in addition to such crimes, is instructed to pull the wool over the eyes of all government officials and, at all times, feed their minds with lies."

There was a knock at the door, and a bell-boy handed me an extra edition of the daily paper. "Samuels has been killed," he gasped.

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I read the words confirming his statement, and saw how the bought press had immediately linked the murder with the name of the miners' union. I turned to Greer.

"He gave his life that others might be saved," said I. "More than that, no man could do."

Inside of a few days the whole country was in possession of the details of this brutal murder. Governor John Samuels had left his house on the morning of the 20th of December, and walked as far as the fence, inclosing the grounds, when a time bomb placed under the gate blew him to the four winds of heaven.

Letters, purporting to come from the officers of the miners' organization, but written by the operatives of the big detective agency, were found, in which he Governor had been frequently threatened with assassination, and the result was that the president, vice-president, and secretary of the union, as innocent men as ever lived, were charged with the killing, and thrown into prison. Protesting their absolute ignorance

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of the whole affair did no good. The net in which they were caught was woven of too fine a mesh, and too securely tied. Like the victim of the frame-up who languishes in San Quentin today, they were not even given the benefit of the doubt, which in law is accorded to every creature until he is proved guilty. And word came from Washington that the chief executive had said about them: "They are undesirable citizens, and should be hung."

It was at this time that a great man was running for the presidency on the Socialist ticket, and he made this public declaration: "If these men hang, then they hang me too."

Greer and I, owing to the nature of the investigation work we had been doing, knew very well who the real criminal was, and as soon as it was possible for us to get a hearing, we laid bare the facts of the case before the new Governor of the state.

I told him that the man to question was the private detective whom we knew had sent the letters, and who had blown up the concentrator, and who had wormed his way

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into the miners' organization for the purpose of bringing disgrace upon the union men. Finally this was done, and when put on the stand, the man admitted he was guilty.

The trust press that had sent the news of the arrest of the miners in glaring headlines, flashing from coast to coast, now suppressed all word of their release, and the conviction of the operative who was sentenced to life-imprisonment. The inevitable exposure of Bell and his crew, who had fled to another state, was likewise hushed up, for the newspapers of the country are the most obedient servants the capitalists have ever trained to work for them. They have scarcely ever made a mistake and given out the truth.

The President of the United States, who had previously condemned the union miners, had, at least, the fairness of mind to say, when the whole plot was revealed to him: "These private agencies should be abolished by law, and it should be made a felony for any of them to operate within the

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limits of our land. The only ones having any jurisdiction at all should be placed under the care and control of the department of justice, which is clean, and the others should be run out of the country, as one would run a horde of sewer-rats. They are a more terrible menace than the Bubonic plague."

But alas, the President of the United States is not the one who has the determining voice. The handful of men who have succeeded in acquiring the bulk of the blood-money of this wonderful and resourceful republic are the real rulers of America, and they could not maintain their autocratic sway in the face of a people crying out for democracy, did they not employ the various branches of the "system's hand" to crush and crucify, while they themselves sit safely and securely behind the protecting folds of the Red, White and Blue, the flag the toilers of the nation love.

CHAPTER V.

A typical San Francisco fog was drifting in from the Golden Gate. The boys selling huge bunches of violets on Kearney Street had cheeks the color of roses. The air that so exhilarates one that you feel more like skipping than walking, had taken possession of me on this March afternoon, and I drew in deep breaths and thanked the Fates that had sent me to California.

For a little while I forgot the sordid life I lived. Everywhere there were radiant flowers. Everybody seemed to move gracefully, and I fancied, happily. School children flocked by in laughing groups. The women all appeared to be dressed stylishly. The men seemed to be in a great hurry. Automobiles dashed noisily yet merrily by.

It is that first impression one always gets on entering beautiful San Francisco. The city that has never grown up. The city that holds so much promise to the newcomer, but the city that, in spite of its vivid coloring,

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its perfume, and its exquisite loveliness, has been defiled and made a place of loathing.

Strolling up Market Street, I noticed the closed doors of a large department store, and out on the sidewalk a half dozen girl-pickets keeping quiet guard. Up and down they walked, looking neither to the right nor to the left and speaking to no one. Of their number I was especially attracted to a very pretty but a very tired appearing little girl. She moved wearily in her shabby gray suit, yet her head was held high, and that head was the color of the California poppy, the dainty little gold-red flower which grows on the plains of the San Joaquin. I purposely passed close to her, and I noticed that her eyes were the blue-green eyes of the Golden West; eyes that seemed to have caught their coloring from the ocean which is ever surging up against the Cliff House rocks.

I suppose that to every man it is given, at some time in his life, to recognize the one woman, his woman, from out the rest of all the world. He does not always marry her,

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indeed he very seldom does. He may not have the opportunity of sharing many experiences with her, but to the day they screw the casket lid down over his face, she is to him what the French would call his "raison d'être", and much of life that he has only apprehended is comprehended after that.

I don't know how long I stood on the corner watching this girl, but presently I became aware of a familiar figure passing to and fro. It was a woman elegantly gowned and deeply veiled, but a detective has tucked away in the pigeon-holes of his mind a picture of every person whom he has ever met, and I knew I had seen and talked with this woman somewhere, though just for the moment I was unable to recall the time and place.

After a careful scrutiny of the street, she approached the girl-picket with the red-gold hair and said something to her. The girl did not reply. Pickets early learn the necessity for silence. A word spoken, a pause of half a second in the dreary and

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monotonous march, and an injunction is obtained prohibiting them from "blocking traffic".

The woman persisted, however, and finally the girl took off her badge and walked with her to the next block. I followed—detectives learn to follow—and they were neither of them aware of my presence, when I heard the woman say, "Yes, I am a social welfare worker. Our club has noticed how brave you pickets are, how much you need a bit of encouragement and cheer, and especially how much you need a place in which to rest, and get a good warm meal. Here is my card, with the address of our clubrooms on it. Go there now and tell the lady in charge I sent you." She smiled sweetly, and the girl looked up at her in a trusting manner, as much as to say, "You offer me friendship, and I am sore in need of it. I will accept your invitation."

They separated, and I continued to follow the girl. When she turned into Mission Street, I stepped up to her and spoke.

"Pardon me, Miss, but will you let me see

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the card that woman gave you?" She started and drew back, but I persisted, "Well, even without the card, I know who she is, and you simply must not go to this house where she has sent you."

The girl still regarded me silently, and I could see, suspiciously, but I went on, "I happened to overhear this woman's invitation to you, and I also happen to know that she is one of the most dangerous of her type. I had dealings with her up in Oregon some years ago. You will believe me when I tell you that I am a detective."

Then the girl spoke for the first time, and though her voice was soft and low, it was tinged with a bitter sarcasm.

"I would rather listen to that strange woman than to a detective. One of them in the employ of the store came up to me this morning, and ordered me off the sidewalk. When I refused to go, he took me by the arm as if to push me off, but he twisted my wrist so that I have been in pain ever since. A lot of good advice a detective is likely to

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give a union girl," and with that she turned quickly and walked away.

I couldn't blame her for her opinion of my calling. It was only too true, and she couldn't know that I was different. Somehow or other, I had to save her, as I had saved Earl that night he was to have been killed, but how it was to be accomplished, I failed to see. I would simply follow her, and it would come to me what I should do.

When we reached the address the woman had given her, the girl paused for an instant at the foot of the steps; glancing back, she saw me near, and that seemed to decide matters for her. She ran up and rang the bell. A moment later and the door had closed upon her.

I stood there waiting for what seemed to me to be a long, long time. I realized that this so-called clubhouse was the first decoy. It would even bear inspection. Books and magazines and tea-things and easy lounging chairs would be about all there was to see, but a quiet-looking woman with a tragedy in her eyes, seated at a desk, over which

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hung a picture of a Biblical character, would be taking down the names, and chiefly the appearances, of the wistful-faced and hungry working-girls, who drifted in, one at a time, and shyly accepted the hospitality extended them.

There is more method on the part of capital in keeping wages down than even labor dreams of. A poor man has no time to become educated, and so he cannot develop into anything the rich man fears. A poor woman has one last resort, when the undernourished body cries aloud for food.

After a while, the girl came out of the door-way and hurried down the street in a direction that I knew, as a detective must know many hidden things, even about a city with which he is not familiar, led to the white slave, or as it is popularly called, the "red-light district".

There was now no time to be lost. I had to think rapidly, and act accordingly. Stepping up to her side, I said firmly, "Just give me one chance to prove to you that I know what I am talking about. Let me take

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this next address, which you got in that house you entered, and I will bring your new friend out to you, and she will tell you herself that what I say is true."

I did not wait for her to reply, but snatching the slip of paper from her hand, I dashed on ahead and left her, this time, to follow me. A few moments later, and I found myself in a luxuriously furnished room. The carpet and curtains and upholstery were of the richest fabrics. I sent the maid, who had admitted me, for the woman in charge, and she came at once. Her bearing was very gracious. To the casual observer she was a poised woman of the world, beautiful and refined. To a detective, she was a procuress of the under-world, desperate and defiant.

"Miss Beryl," I said, using the first name only, as the custom is, "I have come here to identify you as the woman I saw in the company of the white-slaver, Alma Burke, in Portland, Oregon, some years ago." I showed her my card, and continued, "I saw you both in the Sacred Heart Hospital at the bedside of Chester Hurd, a man respect-

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ed as an able labor leader, who had been shot by the city operative, Dale Yarrow, and I heard you offer the dying man fifty dollars as a bribe not to prosecute Yarrow, the latter having sent you as his messenger. You represented yourself as his sister, and the nun in charge of that ward heard you also, and returned the money to you, saying the patient would have no need for it while under their care."

The woman, Beryl, hung her head and studied my card, then she looked me straight in the eyes, and replied, "Even admitting the truth of your accusations, I fail to see just how they have any bearing on your visit here now."

"There is a young girl waiting outside," said I. "You will come with me, and tell her that they have made a mistake in the address they gave her at the girls' club."

She hesitated for a moment. "Very well, Mr. Doyle, but let us be about it as quickly as possible. I have other things to attend to. I will get my hat and coat."

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"You will come as you are," said I, and I held the door open for her to pass.

With an impatient gesture, she ran down the flight of steps to where the girl stood on the sidewalk. Her self-possession was remarkable. She smiled coolly at the little figure in the shabby gray suit, and said indifferently, but with a touch of emotion in her voice, "I think, my dear, you would better go back to the picket line. This gentleman has convinced me that you would not appreciate our efforts in your behalf."

With that, she turned, and walked scornfully away, and the girl stared after her until she disappeared in the doorway of the house again.

"I am sorry, Miss," I said, a little awkwardly, "that all this had to happen, but perhaps it is just as well. You will know how to take care of yourself next time."

The girl looked at me questioningly. "I don't understand," said she, "this woman was so, well, so lovely and kind,—will you tell me just what kind of a place this house is?"

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"It is where they send the youngest and the prettiest girls," I answered, slowly, choosing my words carefully, "to become white slaves. Don't you know what that means?"

The girl nodded. "Yes, I think I know what that means, but I didn't know that this was a way they went about it. I'll never trust anyone again."

There were tears in her eyes, and I saw how very tired she was. Poor little girl, not much more than a child, but having to learn already that for such as she, the death-trap had been set, and she must be on the alert always, lest she fall into it unawares.

"I had a friend once," she said sadly. "Her name was Evelyn Vaughn. She worked with me in the store. She was very pretty. One day she failed to report for work. Nothing has ever been heard of her since she disappeared. I was just wondering——"

"I know about that case," said I. "She was found choked to death in this very district. She had been lured in, just as they

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were attempting to lure you. The man who killed her was aided by city officials to make his escape."

The girl turned very pale.

"But why," she asked, in a horrified tone, "does the law not stop such infamous practices?"

What could I say to enlighten the girl's ignorance?

"The law," said I; "there is no law for the poor man or woman. Were you to go to the first policeman whom you met, with your tale of near-abduction, you would be talking to a man who has received instructions to collect tribute from such women as the one who talked to you, but remember she too was innocent like you, once, and the mayor of the city who receives the tribute, gives permission and police protection to those who carry on the white slave traffic. For girls like you and Evelyn Vaughn, there is no one who cares."

"I think I understand," said she, and I saw that her mind was traveling from the

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known to the unknown. "It is another form of employer and employe."

"Exactly," I answered, "and perhaps you realize, from your own experiences, that in all dealings between capital and labor the law is made for capital."

"The law IS capital," she added quietly. "I see it all now."

There was a changed expression on her face. The baffled look of the child had gone forever, and in its place had come the dawning light of womanhood, that womanhood which carries a double burden, and which must ever struggle to attain a double victory.

I held out my hand. "Good-bye," I said, trying to smile to make her smile, "I want you to watch tomorrow's papers, and now will you tell me your name?"

The girl took my hand, and she did smile and tried to thank me in a pathetic little way.

"My name is Poppy, Poppy Grant. My mother died when I was born, and they say the last thing she said was, 'Call her for the

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California wildflower that I have always loved'. My father was a Socialist, and taught me many things before he, too, passed away."

I stood there until the little figure disappeared from view, and then I turned and entered Beryl's house again.

For two hours the woman and I talked. "The only reason I believe in you," she said to me finally, "is because you are the man who restored to Marguerite Lane the six thousand dollars worth of diamonds which the police took from her when she languished in the Portland jail. They warned us against you long ago, those policemen and detectives who teach us to trust them and then betray us when it suits their whim to do so. We have always worked for them and done what we were told, but they are not on the square with anyone."

"No," said I, "they're not."

"Yet you are one of them," said Beryl. "That I can not understand."

"I am with them, but not of them," said

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I, "neither are you one of these women, though found among them and doing their work."

She looked at me strangely for a moment. "How do you know that?" she asked, quietly.

"I know it in the same way that I know many things, I am a detective by nature rather than from choice. Beryl, tell me how did you come to choose this life?"

"Women don't choose this life, she answered, gravely. "Economic conditions force them into it." She glanced out of the window at the long row of houses opposite.

The clang of a street-car and the whistle of a boat out on the bay came to us as noises from a great distance. Beryl sighed deeply.

"Did you never stop to consider that fact, Mr. Doyle? I myself am the daughter of a clergyman. The first thing that I can remember is sitting in a high old-fashioned pew, with the music of the organ filling the air, and watching my father up in the pulpit, preaching. I think I must have fairly worshiped my father. He was a very hand-

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some man, and an orator. I can see him now, bending over towards his congregation, pleading with them to lead pure and honest lives, and Mr. Doyle, I was not yet out of my teens when I saw my mother's heart break the day they brought my father home to her from the house of one of his parishioners. He had been suspected, and caught by the husband of a woman with whom he had been living for many months, and she was not the only one whom he had wronged. I never went to church again. Young as I was, I started out in the world to make my own way. My father's disgrace broke up our home, and I was forced to seek work. I sought a place in a big department store, and there I stood for long hours and sold laces for five dollars a week. When I went to the superintendent and told him I could not live on that wage, he laughed and said, 'Of course you can't, but hasn't a pretty girl like you, a friend?' I was too ignorant to realize that I had been insulted, and I went for a while longer walking blocks upon blocks to save car-fare, standing all day in

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broken, and sometimes sopping shoes, and making the food of one scant meal stretch out to cover three. I used to wash my clothes at night, and iron them in the gray dawn of morning. One day I was selling some expensive lace to a fashionable woman. She was very arrogant and hard to please. My head was aching and I made a slight mistake in the price. She reported me to the floor-man and I was fired. The next morning when I started out to look for a new job, a woman, beautifully dressed, stopped me and spoke the first kind words I had heard in months. She sent me to a girls' club to get warm and rested, and above all else, to get a square meal. There was no Detective Doyle to intervene that day, and I fell into the trap."

She gave a bitter laugh and got up and walked to the window.

"And have you never seen any opportunity to make a change?" I asked.

Beryl laughed harshly. "Do the dead come back?" she replied. "As well for us as for them be said 'That bourne from whose

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shores no traveler returns'. Human society, as represented in the church, in all forms of social-welfare work, in business, and in the state, has created us and made us what we are, and now that we are too filthy for them to touch, they use the 'system's hand' to push us back in hell whenever they see climbing out a suffering, sorrowing soul."

There was silence in the sumptuous room for many minutes before I could bring myself to speak. The vibrant tones of Beryl seemed to be the voices of ten thousand women crying out the tragedy of their lives.

"I am in a position to know," said I, finally, "that there is a raid planned—I believe it is to take place tonight."

Beryl turned quickly. "A raid on our houses?" she questioned.

"Yes," said I, "it has been brought about by the activity of the Ministerial Association."

The irony of the situation struck us both and we smiled. I rose.

"I am going now, but will see you in the morning if you are compelled to appear in

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court, and if ever a way opens, try to come back."

"There is no way," she replied, and I left her standing there with a look of utter hopelessness in her eyes.

The next morning witnessed a scene in the hall of justice that will live in my memory as long as life lasts. The hall was an enormous room, holding several thousand people. The mayor of the city sat on a raised platform before a table on which he constantly hammered with his gavel. To his right, was a group of the representative ministers of the various Protestant denominations. Their spokesman, a prominent clergyman of a fashionable and wealthy congregation. The reverend gentlemen shifted uneasily in their chairs, as the criminals were brought in. There were eleven hundred of them. Eleven hundred girls and women. Quietly and orderly they filed into the hall, and the officers who were bringing them in fell back, and stood with folded arms about the wall, and on guard at the outer doors.

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The mayor rapped for silence, and the great crowd of curious spectators, which had gathered, ceased talking, and after the unwinding of a certain amount of red-tape, the spokesman for the Ministerial Association rose to his feet. He told at some length of the evils of the red-light district, known in San Francisco as "Barbary Coast", and how a year's jail sentence apiece was the least the law could exact from a prostitute. This man had thrilled his congregation on the previous Sunday morning with a scholarly sermon on the text "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone". But then it is so easy and so safe to preach on the sins of the Jews two thousand years ago; around the Magdalene of that time they put a protecting arm; around her descendant, who passes us in the street today, they would put a prison-wall and turn in scorn away.

When the minister finished his denunciation and urged that the chief executive of the city recommend to the Judge that he pass sufficiently severe a sentence, the mayor turned to the throng of women wait-

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ing, and asked if any of them had anything to say.

For a moment, no one spoke, then I saw Beryl step forward. The mayor nodded to her to proceed. She fastened her eyes on the minister who had voiced the sentiments of the association and said quietly:

“Mr. Ferndon, you have called us many names. There seem to be so many names for such as we, but is there no name for the Minister of the Gospel who visits us in the darkness of the night and condemns us in the light of day?”

A murmur of exclamations were heard throughout the court-room, and the mayor rapped sharply for order.

Beryl continued in a sweet, sad voice, in which there was no hate, only an infinite weariness.

“I notice that you men, who have come here in the long black coats that are such a protection to you, and who have tried to make us feel that you are filled with a righteous indignation, are hanging your heads in shame, so I forbear to discuss you

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further. For ourselves," and here she turned to address the mayor, "I would say, your Honor, that had we the opportunity to earn an honest living, we would avail ourselves of it, but there is no such chance, therefore there is no alternative but to serve our sentence."

Absolute silence reigned for a second. Public opinion as represented in the courtroom was undergoing a change. The mayor realized it, and he used that diplomacy that had always stood him in good stead.

"You say," said he, "that had you, and the others with you, an opportunity to earn an honest living, you would take it?"

Beryl nodded affirmatively.

"Very well," replied the man, rising and raising his hand in a dramatic gesture. "I am going to give it to you. I am going to take you women at your word, though there are not many who would do so. I shall give each and every one of you your chance." The crowd pressed forward, the very air was tense with the excitement of a coming climax.

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"Listen attentively to what I tell you. Tomorrow morning, go to the Globe Department Store on Market Street. Give the superintendent there your real names, drop the assumed ones you have used in the past, and he will assign you to work. I can guarantee this, because I am the president of the San Francisco Department Store Association, and at this particular store, over eleven hundred women walked out the other day, and we need help." He didn't add, "and the advertisement that this will be will tide over any loss the strike has caused us."

But before anyone could speak, a commotion at the back of the hall drew the attention of every person present. A man had jumped up on a chair and his clear voice rang out like a clarion call, "No, my sisters, no! no! Better go back to the red-light district whence you came than become strike-breakers and go scabbing on a job. If you accept the mayor's offer, you simply exchange one house of prostitution for another, and better even go to jail than take the work of these eleven hundred other girls

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and women and perhaps drive some of them to Barbary Coast."

By this time, the chief of police, who was present, caught the speaker from behind and held him roughly by the collar. Before the officer got him to the door, and while the court-room was in a wild state of confusion, I stepped up and said, "Never mind, Earl, I will see that you get bond as soon as you are arrested."

"Why, Stevey, you here? What does this mean?"

I didn't have time to answer, for Beryl was speaking again, and the mayor was calling loudly for order.

"I demand, your Honor," said she, "that before we are taken away from here, this man be allowed to finish what he had to say to us. He called us—sisters and I want to hear his message."

Earl was in the habit of dealing with situations as he found them. Direct actionist that he was, he never waited for permission—he simply broke away from the officer who

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held him and plunged forward to the platform where the mayor sat.

"I am the chairman of the strike committee of the organization that was locked out of the mayor's department store because they asked for a decent living wage. I know what the women had to go through there, and I know that the offer of this man is a blind, and a ruse to bring you down to greater humiliation. To drive you into that whited sepulcher of his, already filled with dead men's bones, would mean for you starvation under the guise of respectability, and the driving of the other eleven hundred, in the course of time, to take up that other branch of the mayor's business, where they would forsake respectability to appease the pangs of hunger." He paused for an instant, then hurried on. "You see here demonstrated the alliance of church and state and big business. My sisters, they are all in league to strike the weak."

A spontaneous burst of applause greeted these remarks. Earl's words had set the place on fire. The mayor pounded with his

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gavel until the thing broke in his hand. He had been able to control the capitalistic press but he couldn't control Earl's tongue, and the public was being informed concerning conditions of which he and his colleagues were spending millions of dollars to keep them ignorant. His anger was intense, but he kept his head. "Tell your committee to meet with me this afternoon," he said to Earl, in a voice of assumed carelessness. "It may be that we can come to some settlement." Then turning to the Ministerial Association, he continued briskly, "Have you gentlemen anything further to say?"

Mr. Ferndon coughed, rose to his feet, and casting a reproachful look at Beryl, said, in a hurt tone of voice, "I think, your Honor, that there has been too much said already."

"Well, these accused were brought in here at your instigation. Do you still insist that they merit a year apiece in prison?"

Mr. Ferndon waved his hand, as if disclaiming responsibility for the whole affair, and replied, "I think, your Honor, that whatever you see fit to do will be entirely satisfactory to us."

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"Quite so," murmured the reverend chorus.

One of them looked importantly at his watch, "I have an appointment with the secretary of the Y. M. C. A.," he whispered. "It might be just as well for us to be going." They rose and walked haughtily out of the hall of justice. The mayor looked after them with an expression of helplessness, as if he were deserted in his hour of need. Then anger took possession of him, and he turned wrathfully upon Earl.

"You have undertaken to advise these women," he said, sarcastically. "I have a good mind to surrender the whole eleven hundred of them over to you."

"I accept the responsibility," replied Earl, in a quiet voice.

The mayor smiled cruelly. Could he ask a sweeter bit of revenge?

"Very well," said he, "but remember, you are held under penalty of the law. If one of them is caught on Barbary Coast again, you are the one who will serve a year's sentence in prison."

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"I am not afraid," said Earl, and the women who saw that this strange man was willing to assume guardianship over them stared into one another's faces as if waking from a nightmare. In all the world, they did not know of one friend to anyone of them, and their faith in humanity which had died, was resurrected.

That night I went to the big mass-meeting in the hall rented by the Retail Clerks' Association, and presided over by Earl, who acted as chairman. It was a strange comingling of exploited womanhood. The ousted employes of the store on Market Street, and the women who had had their house raided, and who had been paroled to Earl. They were all there, and each one carried a tale of suffering in her face. Poppy, as the captain of her picket-squad, sat on the platform with Earl, and soon after the meeting opened, she stepped to the front, and holding out her hands to the newcomers, said in a sweet girlish voice:

"Comrades, we welcome you here tonight. We are all trying to do the same thing, de-

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velop our class-consciousness, and earn our daily bread. We will all eventually be of one mind. Let us strengthen the solidarity of the worker, and strive to bring about the day when our common enemy, the industrial master, will no longer be in a position to prosecute and persecute us."

She sat down amid the hand-clapping of those present, and Earl rose and directed his remarks to the assembled clerks.

"Sisters, your committee met with the board of managers of the Globe Department Store this afternoon, and I am glad to be able to announce to you, that owing to a certain amount of publicity which the strike has caused, though the daily papers never once mentioned it, the managers have decided to grant your demands. In addition to the real issue of the strike, the question came up concerning the necessity of putting more clerks behind the counters. We showed the employers that every employe was doing double duty, thus endangering health and efficiency. For each clerk who went out, two are to go back, and we are to have a union-shop."

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When the applause these words brought forth had subsided, Earl turned to the newcomers and said:

“My sisters, there is only one way out for you, and that is through the channels of organized labor. The union is the only institution on God’s earth that will fight to see to it that you get a chance to live. There are three planks in our platform: wages, hours and conditions, but when you’ve said that, you’ve really said it all, except that we are also the only brotherhood that will hold out to you the right hand of fellowship and ask you not a question. Before the evening is over, we will receive your applications to membership, and tomorrow you can go to work. In the meantime, are there any women present who would be willing to tell us something of their experiences with the powers that are leagued against us?”

Several stood up, and selecting three out of the number, Earl asked them to come to the platform.

“I was an actress,” said the first to speak. “I had a very dear friend in the daughter of

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a judge who lived in the town where our stock company was playing. They were wealthy people, and I used to like to go to my friend's beautiful home whenever I had the time, for I was away from all my kin, and often very lonely. Her father took a fancy to me, and did many things for me, which I thought were done because I was his daughter's friend, but in reality, he was starting to bring about my downfall. One evening he told me to meet him and he would take me out to his home in his car. Trustingly, I went to the place indicated, but when I got there, I was greeted by a private detective who arrested me on a charge of immorality. I was thrown into jail, and the next morning when I told the Court that I was absolutely innocent, I was laughed at and turned over to the care of a rescue-mission. Here I got an insight into the way these so-called rescue homes are run. The day I was taken there they were out on the street soliciting funds for fallen girls, girls as innocent as I was, but who were being handed over to the city author-

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ities, one by one, and placed by them in houses where no one ever heard from them again. The man who took from me everything I had was a well-known contributor to all charitable enterprises, these very enterprises being usually cloaks to cover iniquity, but the public, reading of this judge who signed large checks for uplift schemes, said reverently, 'There goes a Godly man'. It's for those behind the scenes to know that the trees are only made of canvas." She sat down and another took her place.

Such a sad-eyed, sweet-faced woman. It didn't seem possible that those names which the Reverend Mr. Ferndon had used could have been applied to her.

"When I was a little child, a very little child, about eight years old, I should say, I learned all of the evil of life in the city's public schools. Later I became a teacher in that same environment. A man who was a member of the Board of Education gained my confidence. He threatened me with the loss of my position when I besought him to marry me, and when the time came that I

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could no longer teach, he sent me, under an assumed name, to one of the maternity homes which he, as an influential member of the community, helped to maintain. Another child of his, born of another teacher, came into this world the same year mine did, but owing to their father's political pull, they disappeared simultaneously. I was transferred by the nurse in charge of my ward to what they called another sanitarium, but after a woman has once entered there, she feels that she can never come out again. People on the outside cannot realize these things. They would not believe us, were we to tell them, but we are in a position to turn the tables for all time if they only knew that our revelations are the awful truth." This last was said in a whisper, and the woman sat down too weak to go on. She was dying fast, a victim of the great white plague.

A pretty factory girl, or rather she had been a factory girl once, was the last speaker.

"I was coming home from work one

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night," she began, very simply, "and was holding tight my pay envelope. It didn't contain much, but it meant a whole lot to my sick, widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters. There were seven of us, and we lived in a miserable little four-room flat, and it took us all, but the baby, contributing a few dimes a week, to keep the roof over our heads. Not one of the children, whose ages we had had to lie about, but worked for corporations that clear millions in excess profits every year, and we had never once had enough to eat any day in our lives. Even so, we would have been happy together, if they hadn't reached out and snatched me from my poor mother, who has since died of a broken heart. This night I was coming home, a man whom I learned afterwards was a paid detective, stopped me, took my pay envelope from me, and put me under arrest for a crime I had never even heard of. When he showed me his badge, I thought he was some regular officer, and I protested my innocence. My employer who had engaged him to do this thing came

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by just then and I appealed to him, but he only sneered and said that I could consider myself discharged, since I was the kind that made scenes on the street, and he directed the man to take me to jail. While there, I was placed in a cell with three other women who had been driven to such depths of despair and degradation that association with them, and hearing their language makes a girl almost think she is one of the same kind. I know now that this is a very common practice to force false confessions, and to make a girl believe that it is already too late for her to ever try to turn back. Still I declared my innocence when I was brought up for trial, but what is the word of a penniless working-girl against a frame-up?"

The employes of the store were weeping. It was all so terrible and so true. Earl rose, and stood with bowed head silent for a moment. Then he raised his eyes. "And this is America," was all he said.

CHAPTER VI.

A rainy Sunday morning in Chicago, I looked out from the window of my loop hotel and then picked up a time table. I could leave for New York that night, and be there in time to attend to the business that was bringing me East. Then a strange feeling came over me. It was almost as if I could hear a voice saying, "It will be a long time before you leave this city." I stood watching the crowds below on the sidewalks, the bobbing umbrellas appearing as so many huge black bugs crawling here and there.

I wondered if there was a soul in all the great city whom I knew. It was April, the day was fairly warm, and the rain fell incessantly. To the East, I could see Lake Michigan, and for a moment, it made me think of the ocean forever breaking on the shores of California, and of a pair of eyes the color of that ocean.

The telephone in my room rang, and I picked up the receiver.

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"Wire for you—it's collect, though," said the hotel clerk.

"All right, send it up." A moment later I was smiling at the scrap of paper which read: "Saw your name in the papers. Want to disclose important information. Stay in Chicago till I get there. Wire me transportation. (Signed) Frank White, Eagles Pass, Oregon."

Was some one merely working me to get a free fare to the Mid-West city, or was it a frame-up to trap me and make me a prisoner? But still more likely it was an arrangement to catch and hold me long enough to propose a bribe that I quit operations in behalf of the toilers and get out of the country. Whatever it was, I would find out. Money spent that way would be well invested. I wired the transportation, and also wired New York that I was delayed. It was the next evening that I again encountered Earl. He had told me when he left San Francisco that he might make Chicago his headquarters for a while, but I had lost track of him during the months that I re-

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mained in the West—months that had given me many glimpses of Poppy in the store, of Poppy hurrying to and from work in the California sunshine, and of Poppy smiling confidently up at me when I told her stories of the places I had seen.

When I came across Earl, it was a happy surprise. I had drifted into a meeting on the West Side, held under the auspices of the Workers' Institute. Here, the men and women who were hungry for an education, came from shop and factory, after the long day's work was over, and studied the rudiments of English and Sociology, of History and Economics, and listened to lectures that would have put to shame many a university professor, in point of accuracy and lucidity.

Earl was just finishing a brief talk on the principles of trade-unionism. I caught the words, "A man said to me the other day, 'You have no right to fix the limits of the wages the employers pay the employes', and I answered, 'We do not fix them going up, only going down. We never say anything about the maximum, we only stress the minimum'."

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When he saw me sitting near the platform, he hurried down and took me affectionately by the hand.

“Why, Stevey, this is fine. When did you come to town?”

I explained my situation. Earl listened, then linked his arm in mine, and together we left the hall, and strolled up the street. He told me of his present work and what he hoped to accomplish.

“I’m with the garment-workers now,” he said. “They’re organizing rapidly, but it’s awful what the needle trades have all been through. Every strike means bloodshed, but it means a few cents more in pay. The other night, I saw twenty thousand men and women, representing seventeen nationalities, marching like a great silent army away from a hall that they had rented, and which had been locked in their faces, and they made no complaint; their endurance is something magnificent, but they are hungry, Stevey, they are hungry all the time. Sometimes I say to myself, ‘How long can a hungry man last?’ and then to watch them

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making garments. Some day the piece-work system will have to go, but in the meantime, a hundred thousand lives will go to bring about the transformation. Stevey, they speed them up in those sweat-shops till it makes your heart sick to see it. Half the workers have consumption, and they cough and spit all day, and sew like mad to keep a little home together, a home that means a couple of dark rooms up a long flight of stairs. When you go in and strike a match, you see the bugs running over the walls and the rats scurrying into corner holes. Most likely a lot of little kids have just huddled together all day waiting for the parents to come home from the factory to bring them supper. God, if the bosses only treated the poor employe as well as they do their machinery, he wouldn't complain, but they don't, 'cause they keep the machinery well-oiled and they don't keep the worker well-fed."

We walked on in silence for a while, and Earl continued:

"The women are to be pitied the most.

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As a man, I can't get to the bottom of half the trouble. We need a girl to work among them. I'd like to get that little San Francisco red-head to come on and take up organizing. It might be arranged. You remember the one named Poppy, don't you?"

Remember Poppy? Had I ever forgotten her for a single hour? And here was Earl speaking in his usual direct way, and without a particle of sentiment.

"She'd be good at it, don't you think so?" he went on.

"Yes," said I, "I think she would be good at anything she did."

"Awfully bright little girl," he added, and then went back to the subject of the struggle of the unorganized worker, but I didn't hear much. I was thinking of the girl named Poppy, and how Earl had called her a little red-head.

Suddenly he stopped before a shabby frame building, and compared the number above the door with one written on a scrap of paper which he held.

"Steve, this is where I have to make a

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little talk tonight. A whole factory of cigar-makers was locked out the other day. There is no branch of industry in which the workers are paid less or treated worse. Come on up with me, I want you to hear what some of them have to say. They are wonderful. Such patience, such endurance, in the face of privations and persecutions that are past relating."

We ascended a narrow creaky stairway and at the far end of a very dirty hall, turned and entered a dimly lit hall where a large group of toilers, both men and women, and comprising several nationalities, sat and listened to the words of an educated Polish boy, who was speaking in English and with great fervor. Dropping into a seat beside a Slavic woman, who was crocheting, I was in time to hear him say: "Andrew Carnegie has made millions out of the steel industry, and has given away many of these millions in establishing libraries all over the country, which is a commendable thing to do, for we all appreciate libraries, but evidently old Andy has never stopped

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to consider the fact that these millions which have built the libraries have been produced by the workers toiling twelve hours a day in the steel mills. It is pitiful that it hasn't occurred to his mind that while a library is a very good thing indeed, the workers who have made it possible for him to build them never get time to read the books.

“John D. Rockefeller has given a hundred million dollars to the founding of medical institutions, which is undoubtedly contributing to a noble cause, but I, a poor common man, with a common brain, a mere fragment of the great piece of human machinery which has made possible the erection of these fine laboratories, cannot help asking why Mr. Rockefeller did not spend that hundred million dollars in building clean and sanitary shops, and why he did not pay the employes a living wage with which to buy sufficient nourishing food to enable them to live and to buy habitable homes where disease was not being bred? And when I stop to think of these things, I real-

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ize how the Rockefeller system of doing business has rendered me a fit subject for the great white plague by compelling me to labor long hours in a filthy factory and to live in a hovel rather than a home; and when I go for an examination to a doctor, trained under the Rockefeller plan, and he tells me that if I leave at once for Arizona and live according to the highest American standards, I may survive for six months or perhaps a little longer, and I haven't a cent to do it on, I cannot see how Mr. Rockefeller's charity has done me a world of good.

"I look about and observe the schools and universities this wealthy man has endowed, thus making his name famous, and don't misunderstand me and think I don't appreciate places of learning, for I do, so do all the toilers, but what breaks our hearts is to realize that it has been made impossible for us ever to attend them. I am only a common man with a common brain, and I see only with the eyes of experience through which I have passed, and I know that it is the ambition of every normal young

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man to possess a home for his wife and children, and how some, by almost superhuman efforts, have gone to the outskirts of town and acquired a start in this direction. And I have seen how a little growing family, when settled in this newly realized dream to which a mortgage a mile long is attached, sees each year a hundred dollars less to pay on the cherished home. And when the oldest boy reaches the age of fourteen, without ever knowing what it was to have enough to eat, and the parents, their hearts aching to send him to one of these fine Rockefeller colleges, have instead to swear out a false statement about his age so the boy can do a man's work in a sweatshop to help with the final payments and prevent a foreclosure of the mortgage, I can't get very enthusiastic about the philanthropy of the 'richest man in America'."

A fit of coughing shook the speaker, and he held a handkerchief to his mouth. When he took it away, it was stained with blood.

A woman, sitting on the other side of the one who was crocheting, rocked a whimper-

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ing baby in her arms, and buttoned up her dress, across her empty breasts. "It's no use trying to nurse him," she remarked to her companion. "We've only had a bit of stale rye bread in the room for days and my milk is all dried up."

The Polish boy had regained his strength again, and though very pale as a result of the hemorrhage, went on speaking:

"We come to this country, we foreigners, hearing it to be a land of plenty and of freedom, but the treatment accorded us is worse than that accorded cattle. We are so hopeful when we come. We are so ambitious, but the rich manufacturers who employ us say among themselves, 'We'll keep the foreigner down and that will keep the wages down'. We want to be real Americans but they don't want patriots—they want machines, and so we never get a chance to develop—we only get a chance to die."

After a while, Earl brought the boy over to where I sat and introduced him, just as Joe. I held out my hand. "It's all true, Joe," said I, "but remember, the foreigner won't die—there are too many of him."

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Three nights later, the man White arrived, and I met him as I had wired him I would do, in the lobby of my hotel. He had probably seen a picture of me somewhere in a paper, for he knew me, and as I came into the crowded lobby, and looked about at the ever-shifting panorama of human beings, coming and going through the swinging doors, moving swiftly across the tiled space, between elevator and desk, here today and gone tomorrow, this stranger stepped up to me, and held out his hand.

"I am White," was all he said, and with that quick intuitive appraisal of a man which was the gift bestowed upon me by a long line of ancestors who had been proud to call themselves detectives, I knew I had invested well when I had sent for him to come to Chicago.

I sought a secluded corner, and we sat down on the heavily upholstered chairs. I was the first to break the silence that ensued. White struck me as a man who would never be in a hurry about anything. A great leisureliness enveloped him. He was a frail,

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handsome man of about my own age with prematurely gray hair and a quiet, thoughtful manner. He watched the restless throng of people who were passing back and forth just out of ear-shot.

"I like to see a lot of men and women moving freely, each intent on some business," said he, with a wistful smile. "There was such a long time when I saw so little, only just thought and thought." He leaned back in the big chair wearily and sighed. I looked at his well-worn garments, neat but frayed, and considerably out of date.

"You have been in the country?" I asked.

"I have been in prison," he answered.

A boy called loudly the name of a wealthy New York man he was paging. A band of musicians, concealed behind a bank of artificial palm trees, played softly the popular airs of the day, and two society women, with an inartistic amount of rouge on their faces, strolled by, laughing gayly.

"It's an experience that one can't describe," he continued.

"You know you get so much time to think

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in those long, long days. You are shut in by high stone walls, and the terrible loneliness of the life gets you at first. Then you begin to think. It's this thinking—thinking, that makes a philosopher out of you."

"But tell me," I asked, "how did you come to seek me?"

"Do you remember arresting that rich banker Vardoe in Southern Washington, for killing a young girl, when an innocent man had been serving a sentence for fifteen years for an act he knew nothing at all about? Well, you are the one who can help us now."

"Who do you mean by us?" I asked.

"There are six others still in prison—victims of the same frame-up that sent me there. I swore to a true alibi for them, and I was convicted of perjury. They are in, serving a life sentence for a murder committed by someone else."

"And the real criminal?" I asked.

"He is still at large. It was like this, Mr. Doyle. A sheriff of the county in which I lived had been killed. Some private detectives testified that they had overheard my

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comrades and myself plotting to murder this man, and the mayor of an adjoining city, and even the President of the United States. We were absolutely innocent of any such ideas, but we belonged to an organization that was feared and hated by the money-powered element and hence the frame-up. Why, Mr. Doyle, these hired detectives told how they had bored holes in the wall of a room in a certain hotel, and had listened to our conversation, when, as a matter of fact, none of my comrades nor myself had ever been in that particular building."

White then went on to tell me many details of a case with which I was already familiar. I let him finish, and noted how accurately and truthfully he spoke.

Then I said, "And now what can I do for you?"

"For me? Nothing. But my comrades—I want you to get them out of prison."

"White, I know all about this infamous story, more than you think I know. I can and will file an affidavit exposing the alleged

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criminal. This will bring about the release of your friends, but I am not in a position to get justice meted out to the murderer for the fact that he belongs to a wealthy society family, and is part owner of a private detective agency renders him immune."

White nodded. "I know that, but Mr. Doyle, we do not desire to see him punished—we only ask for our own liberty."

"You are very charitable," I remarked.

"Charitable?" he echoed. "We believe in brotherly love, if that is what you mean, and remember the worker builds, he doesn't like to tear down."

"And will you now go back to work?" I asked.

White shook his head. "There is no decent work open to the ex-convict," he replied. "After I came out of prison, at the end of a long, cruel sentence, for simply telling the truth, I found that every door was shut in my face. I went from place to place. It was no use. Finally, hungry and heart-sick, I found myself engaged, along with fifty other ex-convicts, to go into a lumber-

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camp up North and work as strike-breakers. None of us realized that we were to be used for that purpose. We were just so glad to get another job again.

“The conditions under which the men had worked were something past describing. I did not wonder that they had struck, but we did not learn this at the time. Later, when we found out that they were on strike, I, with some of the others, left. In a bunk-house of very small dimensions, a hundred and fifty men had to sleep. The beds were merely narrow ledges in tiers of three around the sides of the wall. Every one brought in his own blankets, but they soon became so filled with vermin that to wrap oneself in them was torture. Four tin wash basins were all that the hundred and fifty men had in which to bathe, after they came in from work sweating and covered with dirt. The stench of the foul towels and the three hundred socks hanging round the stove to dry was almost beyond what human beings could endure. We rose and ate a frugal breakfast on a rough board table by

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candle-light, and if you have ever been in the timber lands, you know what the day's work meant."

"Yes, I know," said I, and then I told him something of my experiences as a lad in the Minnesota forests. White roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen while listening to my tales of the wrongs and agonies of the workers, and held out his hand.

"I have no way of thanking you for what you are going to do for my comrades," said he. "I even had to ask you to bring me here, but some day I'll pay it back. I'm a carpenter by trade. Do you think that if I were to go under an assumed name, I could get work here in Chicago?"

"I'll see to it that you get a job," said I, "but remember, you owe me nothing."

White looked at me with a gratitude that was beautiful to see.

"My comrades," he said softly. "Mr. Doyle, I've wondered and wondered what on earth I could ever do to get them out, and it just came to me like a flash one day that

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you were the man to see. If you hadn't sent for me, I would have started in walking and I'd have walked until I found you. I heard a man say about you once, 'You can't buy Doyle'."

I thanked him for these words, and he said:

"Some day won't you try to do what you can to abolish the third degree?"

"That has long been my ambition," I replied, and he continued:

"It was so terrible the way they treated us after we were taken into custody. Being innocent, we had nothing to confess, but they put us into the black hole or dungeon, and kept us there for forty-eight hours, as far as I can estimate, without food or drink. Then they took us out one by one and placed us in a room where six detectives prodded us with questions, and struck us heavy blows in the face. After failing to get any information, we were again herded into one cell and this completed the once-over. There were twelve of us at this time, but five of the men contracted pneumonia soon after

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the persecutions began, and died in prison. The 'twice-over' was then tried to bring about a perjured confession. This is the sweat-box, an air-tight compartment ten by ten by eight feet square. The steam is turned on and there in a few minutes the prisoner becomes so sick and faint that he falls exhausted to the floor, and in that atmosphere he lies for many hours. In this weakened condition, he is again questioned, and oft-times he is so far gone that he will answer 'yes' to any question put to him. I kept a tight rein on myself, however, and refused to lie, even in the face of death. Then comes the second confinement to the cell, and another period of torture without a particle of nourishment. If a man has failed to break under these methods of obtaining a confession from him, he is submitted to some form of the third degree. In my case it consisted of being stripped and tied to a wooden cross and propped against the wall. A jail physician was summoned, and he tested my heart to see how far they could safely go without killing me. Then attend-

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ants turned the fire hose full force upon my naked body and kept the pressure up until the doctor said I could stand no more. As a great modern writer has said, 'The secret horrors of the prison are never revealed to the outside world'. In the case of one of my comrades, the prosecuting attorney and another man took him into a padded box of a room, known as the 'crazy cell' and tying a rope about his neck, told him to sign his name to a paper at once before they hanged him, but he was very game. So weak that he could not speak, he shook his head, for he knew the paper was a confession of guilt."

As I sat there listening to White speaking in his quiet forceful way, his voice full of the emotion that he felt, I thought to myself, "a few more years and this evil will be abated", but as late as Armistice Day, 1919, which found me still in Chicago, the toilers of the great city, the industrial center of America, were being subjected to the agonies of the third degree and there were a few new tortures added since the day that White had told of.

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"Come here tonight," said I, "and I will take you over to a meeting of one of the carpenters' locals and introduce you to the president, and they will be glad to receive you and take you into the union."

Then I put my hand on his shoulder. "White," said I, "I've seen a good deal of life in my time, and the odds are so fearfully against the men and women who do not belong to the moneyed class that I would give up the fight for them as a losing battle were it not for organized labor."

White smiled. "I guess you didn't know I carried a card," said he. "But it makes me glad to hear you, who are not a union man, say these words."

He stood watching the mass of palm trees behind which the musicians were concealed. They were playing the closing number of their program, "The Last Rose of Summer."

"That was written by a man in the death chamber," he remarked.

"Yes," said I, "and you, who came so near to being placed in one yourself, have no

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hatred in your heart for anyone, not even your enemies. Where did you learn this breadth of view—this humaneness?"

White did not reply at once, and I went on: "There is a peacefulness about an attitude of mind like yours and a constructiveness that is the very antithesis of all destructive doctrines. You seem to have reached a great height through mental and moral development—can you account for it?"

Then White turned and looked at me with his thoughtful, sorrowful eyes, and answered very simply, "Mr. Doyle, I am a product of poverty and persecution, but like the majority of exploited workers I have undergone a spiritual transformation even when my poor body cried for food and flinched from blows. With my suffering brothers and sisters the world over, we are too busy trying to help each other out of misery to stop and plan and plot revenge."

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. O'Brien smoothed the sheet that covered the tossing little form on the bed, and choked to keep back the tears that would fall. The cars on Cottage Grove Avenue clanged noisily past the dingy basement flat. Children playing on the sidewalk screamed and quarreled, and the heat of a summer night in Chicago made breathless all the air.

"He's a-dying, Mr. Doyle," the poor mother murmured more than once. "He's a-going just like little Margy went that first summer after we come to Chicago. Oh, my God, I can't give up my baby, seems like I just can't, Mr. Doyle. Tell me, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"It's so hot in here," said I. "Perhaps if I were to carry him out on the steps and sit there with him in my arms, he'd get a breath more of air."

The baby opened his heavy eyes and looked up at me; a smile flickered across the

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pinched little face, and he tried to hold out his thin white hands.

"See," said I, "he heard us and wants to go."

I stooped and lifted the tiny, emaciated form and, followed by the mother, who carried a ragged pillow, we went out into a dark hall-way, up a few steps and into a scrap of a court-yard, where the smoke of years had settled, and where the refuse of a dozen families who occupied the tenement house had accumulated. I pushed some rusty tomato cans off a dirty soap-box, and sat down with the dying child in my arms. Overhead, the clear blue sky and the stars that I had loved and studied as a boy. Poor little lad—born and struggling for a short year and a half in this tenement district would soon be knowing the secrets of the firmament. The other O'Brien children, all under-nourished, romped or fretted about, as the mood suited them. The mother talked with a woman who leaned from an upper window and who advised her what to do.

"Ain't the doctor coming back again?" she called, shrilly.

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"He said it warn't no use," answered Mrs. O'Brien. "We owe him an awful lot now."

After a while the father came home from work. One noticed not the greasy overalls, the toil-worn hands that clutched a tin dinner pail, but his anxious frightened countenance.

"How is he tonight?" he whispered gently, as he gazed down on the sleeping child. I didn't answer because I couldn't. He stroked the little form tenderly, and then he put his hand on my shoulder.

"It's mighty good of you, Doyle, to take such an interest in the baby."

"This house is all the home I've got," said I. "Ever since I came to room here, I've watched over this little chap and it always seemed to me that he was a bit too fine for this tough old world. O'Brien, he is going to miss a lot of misery. Can't you bring yourself to look at it that way?" But he only shook his head, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

"No, I can't," he replied. "If he goes,

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I'll always be thinking how he didn't get his chance. You don't know what it is to be a father, Doyle. Our children is all the wealth we workers got, and when they take them from us, we see red for a while, that's all. I've been there before, and I know."

Back and forth through the narrow littered court-yard, the inmates of the big brick tenement house kept passing. Two young girls who worked in a nearby laundry stopped to inquire for the baby.

"Gee, ain't this heat something awful?" said one.

"Seems like we ought to be able to stand it after that mangle room all day," remarked her companion. "Come on, I've got a date with a kid what's going to set us up to a couple of ice-cream cones,—so long, Mr. Doyle," and they sauntered off, trying to make the best of poverty, which is ever the way with youth, but O'Brien only stared ahead of him, and in his eyes was that haunted, hopeless look which comes to those who have fought and fought and never won.

"A machinist gets paid so little," said he,

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“and they got so much to pay us with. Why, Doyle, I work twelve hours out of the twenty-four for a company that’s composed of millionaires, and though I’m a skilled workman, I can’t make enough to feed the wife and children. This baby began failing when we had to cut down on his milk supply, and the little we got soured ’cause the ice-man don’t come up this block, a block that’s got two hundred and fifty-three children in it. Just think of that, only last week they counted two hundred and fifty-three.”

The next morning the total was two hundred and fifty-two, and the O’Brien baby was finding out about the starry heavens and would never have to trouble with the moral law. Mrs. O’Brien sat by the little form that lay so still now, and smoothed the sheet as she had done the previous night when the baby tossed with the heat. She sobbed piteously and the older children, huddling in a corner of the scantily furnished room, were awed into silence for the first time in their short lives. The majesty of death rested upon the whole house, and

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men and women came and went on tiptoe, and softly offered the mother what consolation lay within their power to give. But the father neither wept nor said a word. There was a terrible stillness in the way he bore his grief. It was as if the oppression and the wrongs of all his lifetime were met and set before his face in the passing out of his little boy, and I observed him anxiously, for I realized that he had reached the point when strong men break.

That night a man was arrested for boldly entering a hall in the fashionable part of town where a great charity ball was in progress, and calmly shooting down the man who led the grand march. He was not fatally wounded, but the papers came out in glaring headlines the following morning with the news that the wealthy and charitably-inclined Mr. Blank, who had been active in arranging for the success of a ball given for the benefit of convalescing children of the poor, was attacked by a man named O'Brien, one of Mr. Blank's employes. The man, a machinist by trade, was evidently de-

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mented, as no motive could be ascribed for the act. It was well-known how "good" the company of Blank & Blank was to its workmen and how many charities there were in connection with the business. They had thought of everything from a rest-cottage for the girls who broke down at the machines, while working piece-time, to this latest idea of a sanitarium, where little sickly children might be taken to die in beautiful surroundings or else be cured and sent back to the tenements again. But what was the use of trying to do anything for the toilers anyway, they were so unappreciative.

From his cell, while waiting trial, O'Brien looked out of the barred window at the hour he knew a little hearse with a few mourners behind it would be passing on its way to the cemetery. He heard the whistle blow that should have summoned him to work, and he counted over in his mind the contents of the thin pay envelope that he brought home on Saturday nights. It was no use. There was no way out. He bowed his head, crushed,

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and from his heart there went out a cry that for the toilers such as he, the new day would dawn, some how, some way.

* * * * *

The summer dragged on, and I continued working "under cover" finding out more and more each day of the sufferings of the poor—poor because the affairs of government lay in the hands of an autocratic few who were hoarding all the wealth of the land, with the exception of what they spent on their own backs, and what they paid out to the "system's hand" to keep the worker ignorant, under-nourished, and afraid.

There was just one mistake they made—one fortification they failed to fortify. They neglected to replenish their ranks with men. Wealthier and wealthier they became each year, but fewer and fewer in number, and the producer of the wealth became more poverty-stricken with the advance of every year, but he multiplied until the toilers swarmed in masses of exploited human beings all over the United States. The women who had worked in shop or factory all day,

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and had done their house-work at night, had still found strength to give sons and daughters to their country, and a hundred and fifty of them to a block is a safer investment for the future than one, or perhaps two, pampered poodle dogs.

During the early part of August, Poppy came to Chicago. Earl had written several times, but the girl had replied that she was satisfied to stay on in San Francisco at the store. Then an aunt, her only living relative, who worked in a West Side plant, lost the use of her hands in manipulating some machinery, and crippled and unable to care for herself, sent for her niece to come to her aid.

During July I had roomed in that section of the city known as "death's corner", a part of the Nineteenth Ward where the very poorest of the poor are to be found. In August I moved into the Fourteenth Ward, and settled down in a cheap little room on Lake Street.

Here it was that Fate again let Poppy's path cross mine.

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I found her in a squalid apartment, surrounded by a group of big-eyed foreigners, talking to them on a hot Sunday evening. They were comparing notes about the places they had all come from. An Italian was describing Sunny Italy, and declaring that it was the most beautiful country in the world, but Poppy had laughed and told him he hadn't seen California yet or he wouldn't think that. "The flowers out there," she was saying, "why, they grow in rows on either side of the sidewalk; but in Chicago, I only see a few in the florist's window. And the fruit out there—it is so plentiful, but here——"

A woman leaning against a fire escape to watch a little child who was sleeping there, turned quickly and held up her hand in warning. She had seen me enter the hallway and had taken me for a plain-clothes man. The homes of the very poor were constantly raided and arrests made on no grounds whatsoever. A neighborly gathering was called a meeting of revolutionists, and any literature in a language that the de-

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tectives could not interpret was seized and confiscated—often the well-worn pamphlets turned out to be little books of devotion. Even a man's religion must be regulated in a country that the pioneers had fought to make free. Anything of a political nature was considered seditious, and a certain man who was caught reading a copy of the Declaration of Independence printed in the Lithuanian tongue was put in jail as a suspected anarchist.

But particularly was all persecution aimed at organized labor—union offices were ruthlessly invaded, and safes broken, and books taken.

Frightened and bewildered, these men and women ceased talking and looked at me in a sullen manner. I crossed right over to where Poppy sat.

"Earl told me I might find you here," I said, with a smile of happiness I could not conceal.

Poppy jumped up with a glad little cry. "O, Mr. Doyle, I am so glad to see you again." Then she turned to the others:

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“This is an old friend of mine,” she said, by way of introduction, and they, with that child-like trust and yearning desire for friendship, which is always present among the elemental people, welcomed me to their midst with a graciousness that is not possible to those who wear a cloak called “manners” but which covers a heart that is withered up and dry. I have found not only more true kindness of spirit, but more exquisite tact and courtesy among those men and women who produce the world’s wealth than among those who spend it. I can speak with the authority of Mark Twain, when he said, “Honesty is the best policy. I know, ’cause I’ve tried them both.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Indian summer came and went and the winter was upon us before we realized it. Winter means such different things to the rich and to the poor. I used to watch the cars drive up to the big State Street stores and the women step out, well-wrapped in expensive furs, to do a morning's shopping. I used to watch them spending on some trifling luxury enough money to keep a little family in the house where I lived warm and well-fed for a week, and I couldn't help thinking how it was the father of the cold and hungry family who had made the money the idle-rich woman was spending. I used to watch the same woman fritter her afternoon away at a silly little club or tea, and Poppy, the girl I loved, was working until long after dark in a close shop back of a millinery store, making and trimming hats and thus earning enough to provide for her own slender wants and those of the poor afflicted aunt.

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By the passing of the workman's compensation act, a woman injured while at her machine, as this one was, should have received a few dollars each week for a while to come, the sum being about half the amount of what her wages had been. She was totally disabled. She would never be back in the unventilated work-shop again, but the company's surgeon, who attended her, testified that he had only had to amputate the first phalanx of each finger of her two hands and as the damage paid for a lost phalanx is very trifling, the destroyed ten did not buy a month's bread. An employe, in a situation like this aunt of Poppy's, is not allowed to have a physician of her own choosing to tell her side of the story, to explain to a judge that she is crippled for life, and that the accident occurred through gross negligence on the part of the firm for whom she labored. She was simply at the mercy of a huge modern Juggernaut, and a Juggernaut has no mercy.

One night just before Christmas, Poppy and I were hurrying along West Madison

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Street. It is that part of town where the dingy little rescue missions are to be found, and the overflowing employment agencies and the cheap second-hand stores.

Poppy was looking for a coat for her aunt, and not paying any attention to the flimsy half-cotton one she wore herself. She laughed with the delight of a child over the softly falling snow.

“It is the first I have ever seen,” said she, “and I think it’s so beautiful. Look how all the mud and the dirt has been covered up with a pure white blanket.”

Women with shawls over their heads hurried by and men with thin coats on crept into corner saloons to seek a cheerful stove. When we got into the crowded street-car, Poppy tried to hide her wet shoes under the seat, and laughed again at my concern over her health.

“I’m strong—nothing can hurt me,” she said. “Don’t you know that California people are raised so much out of doors that they are pretty nearly always well? But,

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Mr. Doyle, I am worried about a family on the top floor where Auntie and I live."

"Yes," said I, "what about them?" and I noticed that with all the frostiness of the air, Poppy's cheeks were not so rosy as they had been in the days when she lived and worked in her beloved native state.

"They are Hungarians," she said, "and new-comers to the city. They don't seem to know anyone and they are very shy. Naturally I don't like to intrude on them, but I just know that something is wrong up there, for Helen is crying every time I pass her in the hallway or on the stairs, but she shakes her head when I ask her what's the matter, and hurries on. I suppose she's afraid to trust anyone."

"And who is Helen?" I asked.

"O, she's the little mother to the rest of the children. There are several of them, all younger than Helen, and she must be about twelve, I guess."

"The parents both go out to work, of course?"

"Yes, the father has a job in a foundry,

and the mother works in a box-factory, but they make so little, and lately they have been sick and are not working at all. I'm sure the children must be hungry. Tell me, Mr. Doyle, isn't there some philanthropic society to whom we could appeal in a case like this, and get a little temporary help for that poor family?"

I smiled. "Poppy," said I, "little Helen is older than you think. She knows instinctively that should she let the public charities take hold of her home, there wouldn't be any home. They would turn in a report that the parents were shiftless; at any rate, the children would be taken from them, and put into some kind of institutions, the apartment fumigated, and that would be the end of it."

Poppy sighed. "Everything closes in on the toilers. Doesn't it seem as if they had cried out long enough from pitiful homes, and filthy workshops, from cold, dark alleys and from prison cells to a God or someone who would hear them?" Poppy's eyes were full of tears, and there was a ring of passion

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in her voice. Two or three people turned to look at the girl whose youth and prettiness made her more attractive than she realized.

"Let's get off here, Poppy," said I, "and then walk the rest of the way."

Crunching the snow under our feet, I tried to answer Poppy's question. "It's like this," said I, "a nation must suffer a long time before the people are delivered, but be sure the New Day is coming. We none of us know yet just how or when, only as certain as ancient Rome fell when it had reached its height of debauchery, will those who are now in power in America be dragged in the dust. No civilization can flourish forever that is built on a rotten foundation, and supported with the money which has come from the grinding of human flesh and machinery into one."

We reached the frame tenement where Poppy lived, and she stopped for a moment and looked up at it. "Even this awful old building, so filled with misery, is beautiful tonight with the fresh snow on it, isn't it?"

I nodded, and we went inside. Poppy and

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her aunt had a room on the third floor in the rear, but we climbed the creaking stairs to the fourth floor where the Hungarian family managed to exist in two rooms, and stopped for a moment to get our breath. The house was bitterly cold, and full of smells; cabbage, onions and garlic were being cooked behind a dozen dirty doors, sometimes one would push open a little ways, and a gaunt face would peer out behind the smoking kerosene lamp. Poppy knocked at the door where her little friend Helen lived, and after receiving no response, we turned the knob and felt our way in.

“Helen,” Poppy cried, brightly. “It is I—Poppy Grant, from down-stairs. Where are you?”

A smothered sob indicated where she was, and I turned my flashlight in that direction, and saw a pitiful group of children huddled against the wall in one dark corner. There were five of them, and their little faces were so filled with fear, and they had evidently gone so long without food, that they appeared scarcely human. I struck a match,

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and lighting a bit of candle, which I had learned to carry in my pocket, I left the children to Poppy. Something WAS wrong, and it was even more wrong than the sight in the first room we had entered. I made my way to the back-room, with the aid of the flashlight, to the spot where the odor was leading me. It was as I thought. On the bed lay a man and women desperately ill, both delirious, and racked with fever, and between them lay the body of a child who had been dead for three or four days. He was about two years old, and had evidently died of the same disease that was fast devouring the parents.

I heard Poppy trying to comfort the little ones in the other room. I heard a man mounting the stairs outside with dragging feet, and slam a door as he went into his own home. A moment later, and a piercing shriek rent the air. It was a cry that I was becoming accustomed to—it was the cry that a woman gives as she enters the valley of the shadow, and I listened for that other sound and soon it came—the first thin wail of the newly-born.

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The men and women on the Gold Coast are banqueting tonight, I thought to myself, and here, as Poppy had said, 'How much longer could it all go on?'

That same night, the little Hungarian children, led by Helen, had descended to Poppy's room, and she had made them pallets on the floor. The parents never regained consciousness, and when the county undertaker, whom I had notified of the child's death, finally came, he and his assistant carried down three baskets. That was the last we ever saw of them, but I found out later that the bodies were sold for a large sum to a medical college, and the county undertaker, who had secured the contract for burying paupers, put in his customary bill, and received his voucher.

Towards morning, when I could be spared from other things, I went over to a neighboring saloon, and the man in charge gave me ten dollars for the little orphans. With this start, I visited a gambler in the room above the saloon, and he gave me five. I returned to the children, and gave the dona-

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tion to Helen, who was still sitting up, and told her to buy them food as soon as the stores were opened. She thanked me and said: "But Poppy has already gone out to get us bread, nice fresh bread from a bakery—she told us to wait and see what she would bring."

"How long has she been gone?" I asked.

"O, a long, long time," said the child. "She didn't have any money, because she bought her aunt a coat last night, and she was going to walk to work this morning because she didn't have even any car-fare left, but she said she was going to get the bread anyway. Do you suppose she can?" Helen's little wistful face, so full of sorrow that a child should never know, looked anxiously into mine, and I think she feared for Poppy, just as I did.

It was about eight o'clock when Earl rushed into the room where I was standing by the window, wondering what to do in the way of finding Poppy, and exclaimed, "She's been arrested, Stevey. They didn't even book her, but she got someone to

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'phone me from the station that she is there, said not to bother about her bond until I came here and fed some starving kids. Where are they, and what are you doing here?"

"You're talking about Poppy?"

"Well, who on earth do you suppose I'm talking about? Look here, Steve, you might as well know it sooner or later. Poppy's my girl."

"Indeed," said I, "then why don't you marry her and take her out of this hole?"

Earl laughed harshly. "She says not as long as the aunt lives, and that is all there is to it, but she loves me, and I love her, and we are waiting. I meant to tell you for a good while, but I haven't seen much of you lately. I don't even see Poppy as often as I want. The organizing takes me out of town a great deal. I've been everywhere in the last few months." Then he glanced around the room.

"Where are the children she wanted me to feed?"

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"They have been attended to," I answered. "What station is she in?"

"The Chicago Avenue. Let's be going over. I don't know what the charge is." Again he laughed his harsh little laugh, which I learned to know was the way he tried to conceal his emotions. "Funny how I feel about her being there. Jail isn't anything in my young life, but when it's the girl you love, you get frightened and wonder if they're really going to do anything to her. I say, Stevey, did you ever love a girl?"

"Yes," I answered, "just once. I loved her very deeply, but I thought she was too much of a child to understand how I felt. I was waiting for her to grow up, watching over her the best I could all the time, and then suddenly I found out she cared for someone else."

We caught a car and rode in silence to the station. I realized that Earl was entirely ignorant of whom I spoke. It was better so. Neither he nor Poppy should ever know. It was strange, but even in that hour, when my sense of loss was so keen, I kept out-

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wardly calm, and attended quietly to the work in hand. Later, as other men have done, I went into the streets and walked for miles, and fought the whole thing out.

I recalled then, how I had told Poppy, a nation seeks a way out of suffering when that suffering becomes too great for it to any longer bear, and how I thought America would have to endure a while longer before it became so purged through suffering as to be able to master the situation. I had spoken to her of pain being like a cleansing fire, and now I was brought face to face with the problem which each individual soul must work out for itself, and I realized how a nation is simply an aggregation of individuals, and how each one must pay his own particular price to be worthy a part of the great whole.

I had lost Poppy, and Earl had won her, but some day Poppy and Earl would face tragedy, as I now faced it, and then would comprehend as I was comprehending now the inscrutable law that nothing worthwhile is ever accomplished without suffer-

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ing for some one. From the child itself to a new-formed government, made up of the children of men, the task of creation is wrought through agony. I lived to see the day when the truth of this was illustrated in the establishment of a real democracy in a country which for ages had known the most crushing autocratic rule on earth.

Earl and I inquired for Poppy at the desk, and the matron was instructed to bring her to the waiting-room. She paused on the threshold when she saw us both standing there, and tried to smile, and then any doubts in my mind as to which one she cared for were obliterated, for she flew straight to Earl's side, and putting her head down on his shoulder, cried like a little girl. Earl put his arms about her, and between soothing her, and scolding everybody else, got a line on the story.

"They were so hungry," said Poppy, wiping her eyes, "and I had no money—what else was there to do?"

"What DID you do, dear?" asked Earl, gently.

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"I broke a window and grabbed some loaves of bread in a baker's shop, and I was turning to run with it to the children when a policeman caught me and sent for the wagon and brought me here. They have been trying to make me say I am ashamed of myself, but I'm not, for those little things were starving."

Poppy was led away here, and Earl seemed very much distraught.

"Listen," said I, "I have a bit of money saved up. I'll never need it now that I'm not going to get married. You take it, and buy Poppy out when she is fined this morning. They'll make it a heavy fine, thinking she can't pay it, and will have to go to prison, and you know it won't be just prison for a pretty girl like Poppy."

Earl paled at the thought of the danger we knew her to be in. He grasped my hand. "How can I ever thank you?" he said. "I'll accept the loan, old man. Of course, money can accomplish anything, but you tell Poppy, or I'll tell her, that you helped me

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out on this. It will take all you have and all I've saved up most likely."

"Just let it all come from you," said I, "I don't want her to ever know."

When the girl stood before the judge and he asked her why she had stolen the bread, she replied by asking him if he had ever been hungry. "'Cause if you haven't, you ought not to sit there in judgment on others who have committed half the wrongs you send them to prison for, because their poor stomachs were empty."

It was as we had expected: Poppy received a heavy fine or else must go to jail for a year. When Earl paid the price of the girl's liberty, and the three of us walked out of the court-room, Poppy looked back over her shoulder, and said: "I hope you'll be hungry some day, judge; it'll make a man out of you yet."

CHAPTER IX.

A pile of coal had been dumped into the street in front of one of the mansions out on Sheridan Road. There were several tons of it, and to me it presented a chance to earn a few dollars. I had now gone two days without food, and I walked up to the door and rang the bell. A maid, who looked like she had stepped out of a musical comedy, answered the summons, and said to wait, she would see.

"Yes," she said, with an affected French accent, "the mistress says she has been looking for somebody to put that coal in the basement. You can get a shovel at the back door." Faint with hunger, I started the task, and after a while a noon whistle sounded somewhere in the distance, and I knew I could at least claim a bite, or the equivalent for the same.

Another maid dressed in exaggerated black and white set me down to a very nice lunch indeed.

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"And how long have you been out of work?" she asked, perching up on the edge of the table while I ate.

"Only a short while," I answered.

"And would you like to stay on and do some other small jobs, after the coal is all stored away?" she questioned, smilingly.

I nodded. It didn't seem to me it mattered much what I did, only of course a person had to eat. The sudden realization that I wasn't to go on dreaming of a future with Poppy any more, and my repugnance to working at my profession, under the direction of the private agencies, even though I had accomplished much good in showing them up, had left me rather stranded. I would have to find myself, so to speak, get a new perspective, and fit into the scheme of things once more.

"Because," the maid was saying, "the mistress has been watching you from the window, and she has taken quite a fancy to you."

"Indeed, I'm sure that's very kind."

The maid giggled. I looked up. Even a

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detective can be caught napping when his heart is sore, and the old struggle fails to grip him for a while.

"I think I begin to understand," said I. "I thought at first that this must be the home of some wealthy and fashionable society people."

The maid was all gravity now. "That's exactly what it is," she said slowly. "Just exactly what Chicago has always called it, but of course," and she shrugged expressively, "if you are to become a part of the help, you will have to learn the lay of the land."

I passed my hand across my eyes. It was going to take a long time for the vision of the sweet little laughing Poppy to fade away. In the meantime, I must endeavor to be less dull, and grasp the meaning of this girl's chatter.

"Who did you say lives here?" I asked, finally.

"I didn't say who," she answered, "but being a poor stupid man who couldn't read the front door plate, I'll tell you—Mrs. Gemble."

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"Mrs. Gemble," I repeated. "The rich society woman, the widow of——"

"The widow of nothing," scoffed the maid. "Do you know what her husband really does, and what he really is?"

"No," I replied, "I do not."

"And I'm not going to tell everything I know to a tramp that isn't going to give me anything for it." She flounced out of the kitchen where I had been taken to eat my lunch, and on her exit came the entrance of a Japanese boy, whose non-committal smile took me back to the West where I numbered many a little yellow man as my friend, and where the Orientals, both Japanese and Chinese, live and work in such great numbers. I felt more at home than I had since coming to Chicago.

When the coal was all in, I left word at the kitchen door that I would be back later for my pay, and borrowing car-fare from the Jap, crossed the city to where Earl roomed and was lucky enough to find him just coming in with his grip from a down-state trip. As a national organizer, he was

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rapidly working his way to the front in the ranks of labor. He put the very best that was in him into his work, and with his natural gift for leadership, and oratory, would soon be a power among men. When he saw me, his face lit up with just the same ingenuous smile that I had seen that long ago day in the lumber camp. He had told me out in San Francisco that he had acquired two or three trades in the years that he had been growing up and fighting the fight for organization. He had been framed on in steel mills in Ohio, arrested and struck insensible in a great garment strike in New York. He had worked in the brick-kilns of Illinois, and knew at first hand the fearful struggles of the men to obtain a living wage and humane treatment. He was returning from one of these yards, where, after a long and bitter conflict, the employes had succeeded in getting a contract signed, and he looked very tired in spite of the smile of welcome that he gave me.

Poppy would be safe in Earl's keeping. There was no one I knew whom I trusted so

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thoroughly. They were really suited to each other. Both were consecrating their lives to the same cause, while I—I was only an outsider, an onlooker at the battle, a man leaning over the wall which surrounded the arena wherein was being waged the mighty conflict between Capital and Labor, and because my best friend and the woman I loved were soon to be man and wife, must not make me forget that the thing which I had been set apart to do was to point to the fingers of the "system's hand" reaching out into every department of life, and strangling to death every helpless creature whom it touched. Earl put his arm affectionately about my shoulders.

"I say, old man, I'm sure glad to see you again. What are you doing with yourself these days?"

"I start on a new job tonight, Earl," said I. "It may be that you won't see me for quite a little while. I'll be in Chicago, but I'll be working 'under cover'."

"You're not with any of those slimy agencies any more?" he asked quickly.

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"No, I'll never be with them any more, but as a detective, I shall always go on working, and always working for the under dog."

He smiled in a relieved way, and settled back in his chair and puffed on a little old pipe he usually carried.

"You know, Steve, I'm having a hard time of it with Poppy," he said, and sighed as if the management of the girl with the red-gold hair was a much more difficult task than the handling of a thousand union men.

"Yes? What seems to be the trouble?"

"It's those Hungarian kids. Poppy's adopted them all, and she just simply can't feed them, yet she tries, and I worry myself sick over the way she is working, but she won't listen to a thing I say. I was wondering if you wouldn't have some influence with her. She always thought a lot of your judgment—a lot more than she does of mine," he grumbled. "What I want you to advise her, is this," and he leaned towards me in a confidential way. "Tell her that she ought to marry me right away. Tell her

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that I can support the kids right, and she can't, and maybe for their good, she'll listen to reason."

"You would be willing to take this responsibility?" I asked, a bit amazed.

"Why, of course. Who else is there to take it? Poppy loves the little rascals, says they are the first brothers and sisters she has ever had, and it would break her heart to send them to an asylum, besides they would be separated, and they haven't a relative in the world but each other. It's a plain case of our duty to raise them the best we can. Poppy's right about that, only I'm the one to get out and hustle for the living, and not that tender little girl."

"And the aunt?" I asked.

"She died last week—that's another reason why Poppy clings so tightly to the children. They are bright little things, and now that they are getting something to eat, they are all looking more like regular human beings. But this arrangement can't go on. Will you try to do something to help me in the matter?"

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I sat silent for a while. So I was to go to Poppy and persuade her to make up her mind to marry Earl at once. Another of life's little ironies, I thought. O, well, it was all a part of the big game. I rose, and held out my hand to Earl: "I'll go over now," I said, "because I have to be back at my job some time tonight."

I found Poppy and the five little Hungarians seated about a table which held a lamp and some garments of wearing apparel. She was telling them stories while she sewed, and she sewed as fast as her fingers could fly. After the greetings were exchanged, I sent the children into a corner of the room to play with a broken toy or two that Poppy had managed to secure for them.

"Not been breaking windows again?" I asked, with a smile.

"Oh, no," said she, "I'm working overtime now and I have plenty of money."

"Poppy," and I tried to make my voice steady. "With me there isn't the least bit of use to bluff. I am perfectly well aware

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that you and these youngsters here are only partially nourished, and only partially clothed. The thing can't go on. I'm going to have to report the case to the authorities. It's a miracle they haven't found it out before now, and—" but I simply couldn't continue, for the reproachful expression in Poppy's eyes hurt me to the soul.

"Oh, Mr. Doyle, you wouldn't do that?" she cried. "I always thought you were going to be my friend."

"I'm your friend all right," said I, and I suppose my voice sounded rather harsh. "Poppy, tell me one thing, do you really love Earl?"

She nodded.

"No, look at me," I commanded, and she raised her sweet gray eyes and I had my answer.

"Very well, then, marriage is your only way out. I mean the only way that you can possibly keep the children."

Poppy was silent for a long time after this. I saw she was thinking. "Do you suppose it would be right?" she asked finally.

"How do you mean?"

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"Well, burdening him with these strange children. It isn't as if he loved them like I do."

"He loves you enough to care for anything that you care for," said I. "And that's the test of love, if you want to know it."

Poppy slowly shook her head up and down, as if she were beginning to understand, then a little tremor passed over her face, and the tears came into her eyes.

"I guess you're right, Mr. Doyle, you generally are. This is the second time I am going to take your advice. I want you to know how much I thank you for the interest you have taken in me," she rose and held out her hand, and bending down, I kissed her softly on the forehead and went away.

* * * * *

Okagowa stood watching me as I built a high board fence around the back part of the Gemble mansion. "You make him velly high so nobody see Melican man come and go? Melican velly rich, but nobody see, no-

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body know, muchly different in Japan. You like Melican God?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't think I'm very well acquainted with him," I replied. "Are you?"

"Pleacher man at Gospel Mission, he say: 'Be velly good Chlistian boy, and you be saved'. He tell me give him savings and he keep for me. I save sixty dollars. When I go to get, pleacher man say, 'O, I thought you gave that to God', and I no get. Me no like that Melican God. He heap no good. He lose my money. He heap careless."

The immobile countenance of the little Jap betrayed no emotion, but I wondered what thoughts were passing through his head. The first warm days of spring were upon us. Little buds were coming out on the trees. The lawn that I tended showed a bright green in the pale rays of the late afternoon sunshine.

"Okagowa," said I, "I'll lend you sixty dollars, if you will do something for me."

The narrow black eyes twinkled."

"I want you to fall down and hurt your knee, just before the big dinner tonight, and then of course you couldn't serve. I'll offer

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to do the work for you, and on such short notice, they won't be able to think up any better plan, and so I will get a chance to see what a really swell American dinner is like."

Okagowa considered. "Me not velly bad hurt, only pletend?" he questioned.

"Exactly. Say about seven forty-five—the dinner is at eight, isn't it?"

He nodded.

"All right, you be going up or coming down some stairs, I'll watch you and stick around, and in the confusion of the moment, I'll offer my services."

"You know how to serve velly gland dinner?" he asked.

"I know a little of everything."

Okagowa seemed satisfied. "Me go bed, then me sneak out and go picture show. You keep sixty dollars, Mr. Doyle, me no need, Melican God might get again."

It seemed to me that night that there was nothing the mind of man might conceive to charm and delight the senses which was not manifest at the Gemble dinner. The young

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son of Mrs. Gemble, who had been away at school in France, was being introduced to Chicago society. This dinner was in honor of his homecoming. Just at the time that little Okagowa slipped gracefully on the polished hardwood floors and uttered a shrill cry of assumed pain, private cars and pumpkin-colored cabs of the taxi-trust, which was a part of the whole system, were beginning to deposit gorgeously attired women at the Gemble gates. It was an easy matter for me to persuade the hysterical hostess to allow me to put on a dress suit and do the best I could to replace the Japanese butler. When I came into the large and magnificent dining room, or more properly, hall, with the cocktails, and felt the perfumed warmth and heard the throbbing violins, and saw the women chattering, and the men all laughing, a wave of nausea swept over me, and I had to hold tight to the priceless cut-glass I was carrying lest I throw every piece at this gathering of idle rich, and cry shame upon them for their inhumanity to man.

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The women wore jewels of fabulous value and gowns, which, lacking in quantity, made up in quality, so that upon each bare back were shoulder-straps holding together a mass of fluff that had sent not less than one little girl to a home for broken-down wage-slaves and made a profit for the already millionaire manufacturer which would have kept Poppy's little orphans in food and clothes and school books for at least a month or more.

At the head of the glittering table, with its flowers, and ferns, and silverware sat the woman for whom I had now been working several months, and whom I had just about finished studying. She was handsome and clever, there was no doubt of that. I had not read her easily, and her guests seated at either side and representing Mid-West aristocracy had never read her at all.

At the foot of the banquet-board presided the son. One glance was enough for me—a degenerate through and through. The weak face and twitching hands, stained with cigarettes, that toyed nervously with a

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damask napkin, proclaimed him a type that is not spoken of in polite society such as was assembled here. Mothers with marriageable daughters chose to overlook his shifting glances and receding chin. Walton Gemble would inherit a fortune.

Among the guests was one who did not talk so much or quite so loud. He seemed to have a lot of thinking to do. Once or twice, I saw him look at the young heir with an expression of bitterness on his face, and then across the table where his wife sat. They were a childless couple. It was naturally hard to see one's own flesh and blood turn out so disappointingly, and the man couldn't know, of course, that the only one present who really sympathized, was the stupid gardener who was taking forever and forever to serve the wondrous dinner.

Walton Gemble glanced into the faces of his mother's guests with little interest. He had been raised abroad, and on his occasional visits home had not met many people. He had been told that his father had died when he, Walton, was a baby, and when he

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felt the eyes of the great financier, Mr. Mitchell, upon him, it meant nothing to him. How is a child to know his father from any other man unless he is told? And neither he nor anyone else had ever been told that which would have shocked society, and society must be preserved from shocks at all costs.

A man by the name of Graydon, who was prominent in the affairs of the Board of Trade, and in the Association of Commerce, was telling a good story, and for a moment, all the guests stopped to listen.

“Say what you please,” said he, “it’s our private detective that deserves the credit every time. Here in this case of poor Mallers—what would he have known of what was going on if that chap Thomas hadn’t tipped him off just in time? Why the papers had actually printed the story, and it cost Mallers fifty thousand to suppress the issues. The boys were ready to go out in the streets with the copies, when, as I say, he got the word.”

“What was the story, Mr. Graydon?”

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piped a thin voiced woman of about forty, who was dressed like a chorus girl.

Graydon laughed. "O, come now, Mrs. Timmins, I can't tell that story here," he replied.

"O, yes, please do," came from half a dozen feminine throats.

"Well, the paper being suppressed, except for a few issues that somehow or other crept out, I didn't get all the details, but the gist of it is that Mrs. Mallers was found in a hotel with an army officer, and well, they weren't either of them dressed just exactly as if they were going out onto the street, and of course it cut poor old Mallers pretty deep, because his wife is a good deal younger than he is, and crazy over any man that wears a uniform."

"O, how perfectly dreadful. She will never be received anywhere again. I always say those things simply can't be suppressed, no matter how high you pay." A fussy little lady sitting at Mr. Mitchell's left rolled her eyes at him in an appealing way, as if demanding confirmation.

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He smiled. "I disagree with you," said he. "Enough money can buy anything on earth. I dare say Mallers didn't have quite enough."

The soft carpet deadening my footballs, I moved slowly from place to place, making more mistakes by intention than by accident. After a bit, when the liquor had been more freely consumed, I knew the tongues would be loosened and I would hear things that I had come to hear.

There were tales of scandal recounted and relished, and murmurs of horror always expressed. I pondered over the hypocrisy and the everlasting pity of it all. Were they never going to tire of playing so senseless and disgusting a game? Were these men and women of America, of which this handful was representative, going to keep on skirting the edge of the abyss, until like the master-class in other lands, they toppled over into outer darkness?

Mr. Strothers, the head of a great manufacturing plant, was unburdening himself of his troubles with his employes. "It's

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these unions that give us all our trouble," he was saying. "The foremen can manage the men if we can keep the organizers out. The foreigners especially are easily held down if we can only keep them ignorant and handle them ourselves."

Mr. Mitchell, the wealthiest man present, and the shrewdest and the most cruel, looked at the woman who sat at the head of the table, and again smiled his slow smile of cunning knowledge. His rather handsome, sensual face, with its thin lips and narrow eyes, attracted people, and when he smiled in that peculiar way of his as if he knew far more than he would ever tell, others would cease talking and turn to hear what he might have to say.

"I have before remarked," and he spoke with that subtle emphasis that gains attention, "that if you can pay for it, you can buy anything in the world. I never have any trouble with unions—I learned long ago how to handle them. I am interested in several concerns that employ thousands of men and women. I couldn't have these same men and

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women annoying me. I simply put the most competent private detective agency in the field and told them to go the limit. It has often cost me very dear when some dozen or more strikers had to be clubbed to death, but my agents know that my word is good when I say that they are immune from all punishment by law, and they accomplish some neat pieces of work.

“I remember the time the machinists at a certain plant, and I believe there were some electricians in sympathy with them, walked out, and demanded what they were pleased to call a living wage, all the result of the activity of union workers, and how it took the braining of a woman, the wife of one of the pickets, to bring the fools to their senses. However, bloodshed is not always necessary. Starving them back to work has rarely failed to bring them to their knees, but of course, with the details of a strike, I'm never concerned. If, for instance, they ask for what they are beginning to call arbitration, I simply turn the job over to my trusted operatives, and they use any means

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they think justifiable. Setting the workers against each other, and causing hard feelings between the races is generally an efficacious method."

"I'm sure I don't know what we are coming to," wailed a woman, who never read anything deeper than the fashion magazines. "The masses are getting to clamor so, and with all we do for them too. Why only last week, I sat for hours selling doilies at a charity bazaar."

A man who had gained millions from the labor of the toilers in the stockyards spoke very bitterly of the whole subject. "I shall never forget the trouble the organized worker caused us in 1904," said he. "Not satisfied with sixteen and a half cents an hour, they went out on strike, but we were able to produce so many loyal unorganized laborers that the business could have been carried on just the same, had not one of the men brought the germ of smallpox into the yards. Of course, for their own safety, the men had to sleep where they worked, and the disease spread very rapidly, and the

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first thing we knew, everybody had it, and after a fumigation, we had to take the strikers back, and being in the position we were, had to grant them a slight increase in wages. It was most annoying."

"I hear they horde their wealth out there," remarked another lady guest, "but of course I'm too sensitive to stand the odor, so I've never really had the opportunity to find out. I've often heard that the poor are just as well off in dirty shacks as not. They are not intelligent enough to know any better."

Mr. Weaver, the head of the great lighting plant of the city, smacked his lips over the delicacies he was devouring and replied, "You are quite right, Madam, quite right. Speaking from experience as well as from observation I would say that I consider the bonus system the most reliable method of defeating the progress of organization among the employes. They fall for it invariably." Here his eyes gleamed cruelly. "And I might add," he continued with a shrewd glance around the table, "that even

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our own private and particular method of reading meters and then shutting off gas until payments are made, has not netted a larger profit to the company than the dues collected from the company's club, composed of the men and women who work for us. Of course, we always give them a little present at Christmas time and the poor fools think they are really getting something for nothing. The big stores use this system almost exclusively in handling their help. It has another advantage in that it puts an employe at the mercy of the corporation for whom he is working. Should he even attempt to join the union he is fired for a period and then must start in all over again. Any dues paid in are a clear gain to us and the annual holiday treat a whole year further off. Only the rich are wise enough to count the pennies, it would seem."

The rich Mr. Porter, often referred to as "America's Soap Baron", and who also drew a large revenue from the rent of rows upon rows of tenement houses, laughed

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heartily as he exclaimed: "Why take the workers seriously? To me they are just so much cattle. Even when they get obstreperous, I never forget that I am a gentleman and behave as a true sportsman should. It became necessary, in one strike, not so very long ago, for the agents to shoot down ten men who insisted on picketing a plant more as an example to the others than anything else, and for a time, it looked as if we were going to have a nasty bit of trouble. It went so far that the indictments had reached the grand jury, when I stepped in, made it all right with the prosecuting attorney, and promised to see to it that he was elected judge at the next election. He was, too. A great deal depends on a man keeping his word to his friends in little matters like this."

"Politics have cost me a fortune," stated a shriveled up old man who had made millions, and grudged the spending of a penny.

"Oh, well, replied a self-satisfied chewing-gum king, "I pride myself on my generosity. I always allow that a corporation has

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to have a large margin of profit to provide for its 'slush' fund. We've got to see to it that certain men of certain parties are elected, though when you come right down to it, the thing that really counts in any fight with labor is the pooling of its wealth on the part of industry. The solidarity of capital can always prevail if we can just manage to keep the laborers apart. I fancy that the blacklist system, which some brainy private detective originated, and which all corporations throughout the country have adopted, has done more than anything else to break the power of organization."

Mrs. Gemble evidently wished to encourage this man in his contributions to the dinner-table conversation, for she asked sweetly, "And what is the blacklist system, Mr. Wharton?"

"The blacklist system," he replied, in an important tone so that all the other guests would stop talking and listen to him, "is best described by giving you an illustration. Say a man is working in one of our factories, and has this union idea in his head. He is

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sure to impart it to the fellow working next to him, and is what we call an agitator. His remarks to his fellow-workman are reported to headquarters by any one of the many detectives whom we have placed about for just such purposes. This agitator is fired, of course, and having a miserable family dependent upon him for support, he hastens to the next factory manufacturing the same kind of goods, and applies for a similar position to the one he held. But he is told to bring references from the last place he worked. We cannot give them, and our competitor in business is so closely bound to us by the ties of commercial unionism that he loyally refuses to employ the man. Go as far as he likes in his trade, he will find the system beautifully working and at last there is nothing for it but to return to us and beg our pardon and promise to give up forever all thought of a trade union. Often-times, we do not even then consider it safe to re-engage a man who has thus behaved. At any rate, we let him forego any seniority rights he may have earned and start again at the

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bottom. It is really a wonderful method in dealing with the worker."

"And in a case where you don't take him back?" asked a guest.

"Well, the only alternative, quite naturally, is the penitentiary, for the man has to starve, beg or steal; should he be caught doing either of the latter crimes he is arrested on a charge of vagrancy or theft, and he lands just where he belongs. This thing of organization on the part of our employes is rather serious, or may grow to serious proportions, and has to be dealt with very firmly."

"They have a funny phrase," giggled a young girl, who was trying to attract the attention of Walton Gemble, "I believe they call it collective bargaining."

The shriveled up little man, who was miserly, again piped out his sentiments: "Though I employ thirty-five private detectives to guard my interests and protect me from the rabble, I never feel safe. Do you recall hearing of that case somewhere out West, of one of Hart's men who turned

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traitor, and was the cause of getting that banker punished for the murder of some foolish girl or other? I have forgotten his name."

"Will you have some more wine?" I asked, as I bent to fill his glass.

CHAPTER X.

I learned through Earl that Poppy had promised to marry him on the first day in June. She seemed to be very happy that spring, the care of the little Hungarian children was an absorbing passion with her. She washed and dressed them and played with them as a little girl might with her dolls, and she took the responsibility of seeing to it that they were fed and attended school, with that maternal love which lies latent in the heart of every female child.

Earl was more like a big happy boy than ever. The two of them used to have great times taking the orphans down to a little cheap shoe-shop on Blue Island Avenue and fitting them out in rough little boots. Then they'd visit stores on Milwaukee Avenue and pick out bargains in tiny caps and stockings. Poppy made the little coats and dresses that they wore, and now that she had decided to marry Earl in the near future, she let him help in the providing for

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the material wants of the children. They were all five of them beginning to bloom out after the long dark period in their life which had culminated in the death of parents and one brother. Helen, with her fair hair and big blue eyes, was almost pretty, and she simply adored Poppy. "She kept us from the asylum," she often whispered to the neighbors, but the look of fear so early implanted on her wistful countenance never quite left it. Poor little Helen, and Earl and Poppy. Life was trying to be a bit kind to them all in these days, and make them laugh over buying new shoes and sitting down to meals of plain boiled potatoes. It is often that way—we don't realize it at the time, but afterwards when the years have flown by, it is well to have something to remember.

My work in the Gemble mansion was not completed. Some force stronger than my own will kept me on there and I worked quietly and watched and waited.

Walton Gemble had, at his mother's instigation, taken charge of a Sunday School

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Class in a mission hall on the West Side, where the signs in the windows are in any language except English.

“Walton has just fallen in love with those dreadful Bohemian and Polish, and I don’t know what all out there, but then he always was that way, so interested in the masses; even as a child, he would run away to play with little ash-can creatures in the alley,” I heard her murmur to an acquaintance.

Her whole life was a pose, and for some reason, best known to herself, she had fairly thrust the sullen boy into her electric and told him to comply with the request of the church elders in her neighborhood, and go to the mission they had established on the West Side, and make a bluff at teaching a class on Sunday morning.

“Damn it, what do I know about such rot?” he had grumbled, in his sulky way, kicking the soft turf of the green sward I was tending. Neither he nor his mother noticed me, but glancing up I saw an expression of alarm on her handsome face. I think she fancied that the religious denomi-

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nations were beginning to suspect her and were already using their secret and successful methods to obtain whatsoever they desired. She had been giving very largely lately to charitable institutions, and was a regular contributor to half a dozen fashionable churches scattered over the exclusive end of the North Side, that part of Chicago which is so beautiful to the eye with its well-kept drives that skirt the lake, and which runs past the cemetery into Evanston and Wilmette.

April glided into May, and May was nearly gone. Poppy had for some time been planning a little "family picnic" as she called it. She had invited me to join Earl and herself and the beloved orphans early on the morning of Memorial Day, and we were to all go out on a South Side car to Jackson Park for a glorious day under the trees, and watch the children eat their first meal on a grassy slope. The heavy winter had been hard on Poppy—she was not used to the rigors of the Illinois climate, and she longed inexpressibly to spend every Sunday

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and holiday out of doors now that the air was mild and balmy.

"Almost as lovely as California," she would declare to Earl, when he took her for little walks through Humboldt Park that spring, but we both knew that Poppy was homesick for the Golden Gate and the feel of the salt spray on her cheeks.

"I hope to take her back there some day," he had told me, when he came to deliver the invitation to the picnic, and we had strolled up the street a few blocks together, and I had promised him I would come.

Memorial Day that year dawned bright and clear. Mr. Mitchell had called at the Gemble mansion the night before, and his hard clean-shaven face looked harder than ever as he drove away. I was sure Mrs. Gemble was making very heavy demands upon him now that the boy was home, and the man who had said that money can buy anything on earth was practicing bitterly the doctrine that he preached. None of the servants were about as I prepared and ate an early breakfast. Walton Gemble had

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come in towards morning half intoxicated, and I heard him swearing as he ran his low gray racing car into the garage over which I had my room.

I walked over to the car-line in the hush of the early morning, and drew in deep breaths of fresh air as if to cleanse myself of the soiled atmosphere of the costly Gemble mansion. How secure and safe from all disturbance it lay there in its background of stately trees, and the occupants slept on, protected. They were breaking all the laws of God and man, but man keeps silent when you feed him gold, and God had not yet spoken.

Little Helen met me at the door of Poppy's humble home. She had moved into two little rooms in another part of the tenement district as she thought the old environment where the deaths of her aunt, and of the Hungarians had occurred, too gloomy for the children, and her one object with them was to help them to forget a past so fraught with suffering. Little Helen's face held the frightened look of those early days;

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however, as she said brokenly, as if very near to sobbing, "Mr. Doyle, won't you please find Poppy?"

"Find her?" I echoed.

"Yes," continued Helen. "She went to the store last night to get some cheese and crackers for our lunch today, and she hasn't come back yet."

For a moment I was too stunned to speak, then a terrible fear gripped me at the heart. Standing there in the spring sunshine, I shook as if with a chill. I, the cool detective, who had found more than one missing girl in my time, was as helpless as the little child before me, when it came to a question of the girl I loved. Then with an effort, I pulled myself together, and began questioning Helen. She could only say the same thing over and over—Poppy went to the store, and she had never returned. Helen, it seems, had put the younger children to bed and had sat up all night, dozing off now and then in her chair by the window, watching and hoping that each figure that turned the corner would be her beloved benefactor.

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By the clock, it must have been about ten minutes later, thought it seemed ten hours, when Earl appeared. I like to look back and remember his happy laughing eyes as he bounded up the stairs, and handed some chunky packages to Helen. Instantly he saw that something was wrong. Glancing from the child's white face to mine, which perhaps registered more apprehension than I realized, he cried, "Where's Poppy?"

After we had told him, I thought the boy was going to faint. Then he lunged forward, and down the stairs again. Following, I saw him enter the little grocery store across the street, where Poppy did her marketing. Almost immediately he reappeared.

"They don't recall her having been in at all yesterday," he stammered. "What other clue have we got to go on?"

"Earl," said I, "we've got to put this into the hands of the police." He turned sharply, "My God, Steve, we stand no chance to get help there. Poppy is a union girl, and we're all poor and——"

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"Never mind, old man, we'll have to report the case and they are bound to make some sort of an investigation. Hurry now as fast as you can and then see the press." Earl groaned—"the press, why they'll not say anything to help and——"

I put my hand on his shoulder, and realizing that I had to steady him, steadied my own quivering nerves.

"Listen, Earl, it's like this. If no one has bought the papers up to make no mention of her disappearance, they'll be glad to get a hold of the story from the news end. They're always looking for sensations, and on the strength of their not having been forbidden to publish any word concerning Poppy, they may decide that it will sell copies of the paper to feature the story, and in that way we will reach those who might give us a clue worth working on."

Earl nodded comprehendingly, and dashed off towards town. Going back to the little waiting children, I sat down by the table where they were eating breakfast and noted the careful little preparations which

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had been made for the picnic that was not to be.

"Is we going to the park now?" asked tearful Freddy, aged six.

I took him up on my knee and leaned over towards the "little mother", who was trying to coax the others to eat their coarse cereal and thin blue milk.

"Helen," said I, "I want you to try to think of every place that Poppy ever went, and tell me where it is, so we can help to find her quickly."

"When you find Poppy, then can we go to the Park?" persisted Freddy. I told him yes and he slipped off my knee and went to the window, where he looked out for a long, long time.

Helen tried hard to think, but there wasn't any place but the shop where Poppy worked, and as this was a holiday, she wouldn't be there. Sometimes she went to meetings at night, when Earl came and called for her, but not very often. They didn't know the other people in the house very well, as they had not been there long,

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but we might ask them all if they had seen Poppy. So Helen and I started in on the top floor, and paused at each door until we came to the basement. No one had seen her after she had left the room in which she lived, and told Helen she was going to the store a moment. Among the tenants, I found a kindly Scotch woman who volunteered to look to the children until Poppy came back, but there was in her face the same fear there was in mine, and the same expression in her eyes. Those who have suffered poverty are banded together by a common tie. They know the dangers that are lurking near. Only those who have fought the wolf from the door can understand what a hungry man is talking about, and only those who have felt the "system's hand" creeping up on them from behind and flown in terror from its clutches could appreciate the agony of mind I was in over the one night's disappearance of the sweet-faced girl.

Towards noon Earl returned, utterly fagged with his useless searching, and

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frantic in his impotence to do anything. Up and down the quiet little room he walked, sometimes questioning one of the orphans, sometimes stopping as if to listen for a certain voice, and then, after a while, he sank into a chair by the table and buried his head in his arms.

* * *

For three days and nights this suspense went on. The papers had received no word to suppress the story, and the city rang with it. Thousands of dollars were made that week by a half dozen dailies out of the story of our little Poppy's strange disappearance. They printed the picture that Earl had carried, and described the "girl from California" as we had described her to them, but because we had so little to tell and because they must say more than that she was pretty and sweet and good, and should be traced, they sent reporters to the little meager home where the frightened orphans waited, and took pictures of the children and printed them, and intimated that there was really no accounting for

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working-girls—their standards were not very high; these children, for instance, whose were they, anyway, and just why had this young girl taken so keen an interest in them?

When Earl read these insinuations, he was beside himself with grief and indignation, and he went out, and among the various unions, raised what he thought would be enough money to make them retract any slander they had printed. But, though hundreds of workers taxed themselves voluntarily, a day's pay each, to help place Poppy right in the eyes of the world, it was, as Mr. Mitchell would have remarked, not quite enough. Earl divided the contributions up among the papers, which accepted the money, and then came out in the next issues with the statement that the lover of the girl would bear watching. He had tried to bribe them to hush certain matters up, but they of course were incorruptible.

The next blow to fall upon the little household was the advent of the officers from the Juvenile Protective Association.

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Learning of the children, they swooped down upon them, and bore them all away. Shrieking, as with mortal pain, Helen tried to fight them off. They had been that particular part of the system which she had dreaded most of her short life, and at last they closed in upon the helpless "little mother". Standing with her arms about the frightened younger ones, she pleaded not to be taken away, but each little weeping brother and sister was separated from the other, and as many various institutions received them. Looking back in after years, and seeing the faces of so many sorrowful men and women staring through the mist of time, the countenance of little Freddy looms up clear and pathetic, and I often hear his baby voice calling out, as it did that day they carried him off from his only home to a charity orphanage, "Oh, I did want to see the park, the booful, booful park."

Just before she left, and while she was getting the children's clothes together, sobbing pitifully as she moved from one room

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to another, Helen came over to me and placed a little leaflet in my hand.

"That's my Sunday-school lesson for next Sunday," she said brokenly. "Will you take it to the teacher, and tell them why we can't come any more?"

An address was written at the top of the page, and I nodded and put my arm about the little lonely child.

"It was a nice Sunday-school," she confided. "One morning we were passing, and heard such pretty music. Poppy stopped to let us hear, and the lady there said for us to come back again, so we did, and they were going to pay Poppy a dollar a week to play the organ, 'cause the other player was going away, and Poppy said that some night, after she came home from the shop, she was going to run over and see about it, but I guess she must have forgot. Poppy did love music, and I do, too, and oh, I miss her something dreadful." Here the child laid her head down on my shoulder, and cried as if her heart would break.

"Come, come," said the sharp voice of

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the elderly woman who was rounding up her charges, and I noticed that she made several notes in a memoranda book she carried. This woman, though married, had never had a child herself, and she was in great demand as a lecturer before "Mothers' Clubs" and "Parent Associations", as an authority on the up-bringing of the young. She had written an essay on "The Psychology of the Child Mind", and was now getting data for one on "The Vulgarity of Being Poor".

When the last little Hungarian, that Poppy had so loved and cared for, been taken from the rooms, Earl came in from the outside and sat down.

"I couldn't stand it," he said, "I simply couldn't. I used to think that we workers were going to get out into the light some day, but we're not. Things are getting darker every minute. They're attacking us from every angle."

"The darkest hour for any nation is the hour before its dawning," I said, "and Earl, that's true of the human soul as well. The

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workers have some things to learn yet and they must learn them through the suffering of each individual. Try to get that thought, and it will help you through these crucial days, old man. You are a part of that great mass which will rise some day in all its power, and might, and be weighed in the balance and found not wanting. You and all those other millions and millions who have made the wealth of the land, and had it taken from you, will come into your own some day. You, who have known cold backs, and empty stomachs, and bleeding hearts, are bearing all these things that the common people shall be free. It will be a glorious day when it comes, Earl—won't you try to think of that?"

The vision caught the boy, and he almost smiled an instant.

"I know," he answered, softly. "I've always known, only I just couldn't seem to say it that way, Steve. Why, when I've been addressing meetings and looked down into the hungry, care-worn faces of the men, men on whose neck the iron heel had pressed

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for years, I tried to get that message to them. And now——”

“And now you **WILL** get it to them, don't you understand?”

Earl sat silent for a long while, his head bowed in sorrow. Years had been added to him in the past few days.

“The police say they have exhausted every clue, Steve, but somehow I have thought that **YOU** would find her yet.”

“Yes,” said I, “I am going to find her.”

Earl looked up quickly.

“Have you anything to go on?” he cried.

“I will find Poppy,” said I, slowly, “but you must be very, very brave.”

The little alarm clock that used to summon Poppy to the day's work ticked loudly from a shelf. The broken toy that she had gotten once for Freddy lay neglected on a wooden chair. The kindly Scotch woman who lived in the basement came in and started a fire in the range, and said she'd make us both some tea.

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The hot June sunshine fell on Earl's bowed head, and leaving him sitting there with his anguished thoughts, I slipped away, for I had many matters to attend to.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mission Sunday-school, where little Helen and her brothers and sisters had gone, stood on a narrow, dirty side street, and was nothing more or less than a vacant store. I found an old Bohemian woman scrubbing the floor when I stopped, and I asked her where I would find the teacher whose name was on the leaflet Helen had given me, but she understood so little English that I got no satisfaction.

I strolled about the place, noting colored pictures on the wall, and a blackboard or two, and then I glanced at the little old-fashioned organ that Poppy had considered playing for the sum of one dollar a week, so the Hungarians might have another slice of bread around, I suppose. Had she ever kept her appointment to talk the matter over, and who had talked to her if she had? All about the long, low room I walked. I opened the back door, and looked out on a filthy alley. Then I sat down on one of the benches

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which were placed crosswise before a small improvised platform, and concentrated on the question. I put my emotions to one side, and forced myself to make a study of the case of Poppy's disappearance, as a detective, pure and simple.

That evening, as I was turning in to the driveway of the Gemble mansion, I encountered Okagowa coming out. He grinned in his friendly way.

"How you feel?" he asked.

"All right," I answered. "Why?"

Okagowa shrugged. "Me see something big on your mind—you terrible worried," replied the Japanese boy, gravely.

"Where are you going?" I asked, wishing to change the subject.

"Get cligilettes for Mr. Walton—he heap sick."

"You go get them, and I'll take them up," said I.

Okagowa grinned again. "You lika see fine bedroom of millionaire?" he questioned.

I nodded, and he disappeared, and in a few moments returned with a package of

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the highest-priced cigarettes on the market. I took them, and entered the house, and made my way up the back stairway to the second floor. The thick carpet deadened my footfalls, and no one heard me until I knocked at the door which Okagowa had described as Mr. Walton's.

"Come," called a peevish voice, and I went in and closed the door behind me.

Walton Gemble lay in a costly brass bedstead with the silk comforters pulled close about him, though the day was very warm.

He peered at me a moment in stupid wonderment, then frowned and let out an oath.

"What the hell do you want?" he snarled.

I didn't answer, but handed him the package of cigarettes.

"Where's that fool of a Jap?" he asked.

"Okagowa was called away to attend to something of importance, and I offered to bring these up to you," I replied.

"Well, you can go now," and he turned his face away.

"Would you care to see the day's papers?" I volunteered.

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He darted a quick look in my direction.

"No," he snapped, "what do I want to see them for?"

"There's news in them which might take your mind off your worry," said I.

"Worry—who says I'm worried?" he cried, half sitting up in bed. "I'm sick, do you hear, sick, the doctor says so, and now get out."

But I only stood quite close to the bed looking down on him, and my mind worked very rapidly. Gemble became infuriated. He swore and threatened to use violence if I delayed another instant.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asked.

"You know I am the gardener," I answered, quietly, noting the extreme nervousness with which he eyed me.

"Then if you're the gardener, get out and garden," and he ended the interview by pulling the coverings entirely over his head.

The day passed and night came, but I didn't go to my room. I avoided Earl and indeed every one. I sat in a little restaurant

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on the West Side, and waited for midnight. Then I walked over to the mission Sunday-school and opened the door with a skeleton key. Again the gaudy pictures stared at me, revealed by the light of a street lamp which shone in above the curtain which covered the lower part of the window. Mary, and Mary Magdalene, and the Carpenter, who had organized twelve men of various crafts into one union, all looked down at me and their faces were very, very sad, for they had witnessed the iniquities of two thousand years, committed in their names, and as yet, they had borne in silence and with patience. The front door and the back door and the plain bare room was all that was to be seen, but I was a detective, and as such, must see more than others would or could.

Getting out my pocket-knife, I loosened a strip of oilcloth that ran down what might have been called the center aisle. At the far end, toward the back, was a square of boarding separated from the rest of the floor on three sides, and on the fourth side, fastened to it by a couple of rusty hinges. I

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inserted the blade of the knife, and raised the trap-door. Then I let myself drop down on to some soft earth below. The darkness was absolute. I took out my flashlight, and discovered a few broken boxes, and some old iron. I moved cautiously. I knew what I had come to find, but when I found it, the blood in my body seemed to freeze, and for a moment, my brain reeled. Like the Carpenter above, I moaned, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and the anguish that I endured can never be put on to paper. Tenderly and with great sobs tearing my throat, I touched the mutilated little form of Poppy, and then crept back and out on to the street again.

Crossing over to a corner saloon, I telephoned to Jerry Maloy, and then sat down and waited. Jerry was a messenger boy whom I had known out West, and whom I had befriended once. I met him going into the Gemble mansion with a message one day, and he recognized me, but only winked, and putting his finger on his lips, murmured, "Mum's the word, boss, but I'm sure glad

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to see you again; let me know if I can ever be of any service to you." Poor little fellow, grown old before his time with hard usage; an orphan, and ambitious, as he told me once, to make something of himself.

After awhile he came, breathless and eager. "What's the idea, Mr. Doyle," he whispered, dropping into a chair where I sat beside a small table in a back room. But when he got a good look at my face in the dim light of the flickering gas-jet, he gulped hard, and caught my arm roughly.

"My God, what have they done to you?" he asked quickly, and glanced around the nearly empty room.

"Sit up and keep cool, and listen attentively to what I am going to tell you," said I, and then leaning forward, I looked into the boy's honest eyes and began.

"Jerry, organized labor here in Chicago, has, through the central body, offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the finding of the missing girl, Poppy Grant. Have you followed the story at all?"

He nodded. "Sure, I read everything."

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“Very well, then, after I have explained things to you, go to the police and tell them what you know. Don’t mention my name in connection with the case. Simply say you stumbled on to a clue which led to the finding.”

Shaken as I was with my own personal suffering, and wishing to do a kindness to the boy, I was unmindful of the peril in which I was placing him. At another time, I would have seen this—now I saw only one thing, and I moved towards it with a deadly sureness of aim. All my past training came to my aid, and forced me to proceed with the deliberation of the detective, rather than with the haste and passion of the man, but so centered was I on the course which I intended to pursue that for many days, I scarcely ate or slept. I rose above the needs of the flesh and lived as in a world apart.

Jerry listened to the tragedy with staring eyes, and then went quickly and quietly away to do my bidding. I think he must have sensed something of what Poppy had been to me, for he

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said with a little break in his voice, as he turned to go, "It's awfully kind of you to throw the five hundred my way, Mr. Doyle, and I'm so sorry about the young lady, I just don't what what to say."

Long afterwards, he told me the details of that night, and early morning. The police had let him lead them to the spot where the body lay, and then had put him through the third degree, to make him tell what more he knew.

"I told them that was all," said he, in relating the story to me, "but you see they were peeved because they had been outwitted by a messenger boy, and so they took it out on me."

"How did you come to find the body,' they would ask, and I would tell them how I was rummaging down there for some old iron to sell, and they would say, 'There's some man back of this, you know his name, tell it to us or we'll make you tell,' and then they tried all different methods to enforce confession. I was strung up by my hands to a bar hanging over a door, and with my

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feet just off the floor, was left to dangle there until I fainted from the pain. My hands swelled and turned purple, and I nearly chewed my tongue up with the agony. Sometimes a big, burly fellow would kick me as I hung there, and growl at me, 'Will you tell now?' Then they'd put me in a great big tub, or rather tank, of freezing water, and when I had no longer any strength to swim, I'd invent a sort of bobbing up and down to keep from drowning. Here, too, I generally fainted, for I have a weak heart. It was when the authorities were experimenting with the barrel, rolling me back and forth across it, and each time I went forward striking my head with terrific force upon the cement floor that an idea came to me, and when they got through with that torture, and were debating what they would try next, I said, 'What are you wasting your time on me for? I've told you the truth. I don't know anything about the murder of that girl. I only found her body, that's all. Why don't you find out who owns and runs that mission? They might be able to put

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you wise,' and there were three of them looking down at me, and they just exchanged glances, and one of them said, 'I never thought of that,' but they beat it, and I got a chance to lie still, and endure the misery they had caused me without any more being added to it. I had been arrested without even being booked, so none of my friends knew where I was for several days, but I felt pretty sure that the police were anxious to find the murderer, as they hadn't been able to find the body, and I figured my troubles would soon be over."

Jerry was right. They were anxious to redeem themselves in the eyes of the public, as its guardians, and they acted immediately upon his advice, and began investigations. The chief of the force called on the Board of Trustees of the fashionable North Side church when they learned they were in charge of the little West Side mission, and requested a list of the teachers and others engaged in carrying on the work.

Elder Fields, quaking inwardly at the

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intrusion of this uniformed man into his luxuriously appointed home, put on his most sanctimonious manner, and declared that the chief would have to see the superintendent about the personnel of the mission. The murder, or could it have been suicide—one can never tell about these working-girls—was sad, very sad indeed, but he himself had not the time to visit the mission, as he said, the superintendent ought to know what the chief wanted to find out, and if there was any other way he could be of use to the arm of the law in any future matters, he, Elder Fields, would be only too happy to assist. It was our police that made the cities safe for democracy, and oh, yes, the name of the superintendent—well, they had been very fortunate in securing the services of the wealthy young Walton Gemble, who had just returned from Europe, and was so interested in the study of the foreign peoples. There were really quite a few of them in Chicago, didn't the chief think so, and it was really hard to tell what we were coming to in these days, when so few of the young

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men took any real interest in the spreading of the gospel, and—

The policeman had jotted down the address, and was making for the mansion on Sheridan Road.

The papers had announced the finding of the body, and intimated that several suspects had been arrested. Still no one had bade them keep silent.

The coroner had testified that the girl had been brutally attacked, then choked to death.

Poor Earl—I did not deem it best to be with him in those first awful hours. I had to let him think the worst of me, and appear to fail him when he needed my friendship the most. It wrung my heart to picture him identifying Poppy at the morgue. The second day I got a note from him, saying he had tried in vain to find me at the Gem-bles, but I was never there when he called, and no one knew where I was. He had thought me true to him, but he realized his mistake. “You remember you said you would find her,” he had written. “You not

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only failed to do that, but you have failed me as a friend. As a detective, and as a man, I am through with you."

Poor Earl—it was hard to keep from going to him then and trying to comfort his lacerated heart, but I had gotten to that pass where I could let anything wait until I finished what I had to do.

On the evening of the same day, Okagowa flew to me, as I stood on the back steps, watching a certain upper window, and his comical little face was white with terror.

"Oh, Mr. Doyle, one time boy tell me at Gospel Mission, no let harness-bulls catch me. Big one at front door now—I no lika open, what I do?"

"Stay here and I will let him in." I walked through the house and answered the second impatient ring of the chief of police. He spoke quickly and to the point.

"Gembls live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Walton Gemble?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him I wish to see him."

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"Yes, sir."

Neither of us had moved, and the officer pushed his way into the hall.

"You heard what I said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you get a wiggle on your creepers?"

"Mr. Gemble is sick in bed, sir."

"Take me up to him."

"Yes, sir."

I led the way up the wide stairs and down the heavily carpeted hall. If he wondered why I, a servant, did not knock, he did not say so. We simply went into the room and closed the door behind us.

Walton Gemble and his mother were the only occupants of the room, and they both started violently when they looked up and saw who stood there. The woman was the first to recover.

"Stephen, what does this intrusion mean?" she asked, in her usual haughty manner, addressing her remark to me, and appearing to ignore the officer.

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The atmosphere of wealth was not lost upon the man. He took off his hat.

"You will pardon my visit, madam, but it becomes my painful duty to make some inquiries of your son concerning the mission Sunday-School where he is superintendent, and where the body of a young woman was found in the basement yesterday."

The figure in the bed seemed to slip down out of sight.

Mrs. Gemble smiled sarcastically. "Oh, yes, I believe I did read something about it in the papers. Unfortunate, wasn't it? You try to help those wretched beggars, and they keep right on fighting, and even killing each other in the very church itself. Walty, dear, try to rouse yourself and tell this gentleman what he wants to know. Of course, chief, I rely on your tact to spare my son any harrowing details. He has been really quite ill for several days now, and has not seemed to care for visitors at all."

The officer bowed. He evidently intended to talk with the boy alone, and Mrs. Gemble saw he was waiting. As she passed out of

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the room, I followed, and she turned to me for the first time, with her mask off.

"Listen," she almost hissed into my ear, "there at the keyhole," and, dropping to my knees, I heard the conversation between the two in the bedroom.

The officer asked a few perfunctory questions. Walton answered them in a muffled tone. Then the officer said, "This young woman, Poppy Grant—did you ever have any words with her?"

"Not many," came the reply.

"And what were they about?"

"About playing the organ. She claimed she could do it, but I never heard her."

"I think, Mr. Gemble," said the officer, "that I will have to ask you to get up and drive over to the mission with me. There are some questions I can settle better if we are both on the place together. We will call and take the other men teachers with us."

"The teachers are all women," almost groaned Walton.

"Indeed," replied the officer. "Then we

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will not trouble them just now. You and I will go over the ground alone."

"I'm sick," whined Walton. "I'm—

"Yes, so sorry," apologized the officer.

"Just as soon as you can, please. I will wait here by the window while you dress."

The man was clever—he knew there were big possibilities ahead—big, anyway it went. It took the chief to handle these really delicate matters—no rough stuff here.

The next morning, the papers announced that young Walton Gemble had collapsed on the floor of the mission when taken there to explain certain matters to the chief of police, and the chief had placed him under arrest pending further investigation of the murder of the young girl, Poppy Grant, who worked in a millinery shop six days of the week, and was, so far as could be learned, contemplating the playing of a Mission Sunday-School organ on the seventh day. Great mystery had surrounded her disappearance, and the finding of the body, three and a half days later, by a messenger boy, in the basement of the mission itself, pointed

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to a very brutal attack before the life was finally choked out of the victim, finger marks being plainly seen about the throat of the once pretty girl. Needless to say, this was the last time the press mentioned Walton's name in connection with the affair, save as briefly as possible. Mrs. Gemble had telephoned for Mitchell as soon as Walton was arrested, and the two of them had been closeted for an hour or more, during which time angry words could be heard from both of them, and the tearful pleadings of the woman were silenced by oaths from the man.

When Mitchell finally left the house, I took out my watch. I gave the private operatives, whom I knew he had gone to employ, exactly an hour to be on the job. They were not late. Starting in with the maids, they began a systematic course of instruction ending in each case with the presentation of a bribe. The alibi was very simple and every one had learned it by heart, when they finally came to me.

"You are the gardener?" asked an inso-

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lent-looking fellow, who always dressed in the height of fashion, and swaggered a bit while he worked.

"I am."

"Very well. On the night of the 29th of May, you remember distinctly that Walton Gemble did not leave this house. He was partially ill at the time. Doctor Hilton will swear that he attended him then. He was running a slight temperature and of course would not be going around. So far as you know, he was confined to his bed. Being an outside servant, you could not swear to that; however, you can swear to it that his car which he always drives, never left the garage. You are certain of this, because you looked in and saw it there when you went up to your room above the cars, about midnight, we will say." He paused, and flicked a speck of cigar ash from his coat. He smoked indolently while he talked. "And, by the way," he added, as if an after-thought had come to him, "the trial will naturally put all the help out a little. Mrs. Gemble does not wish any one to be too

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much inconvenienced in their routine work. Here is a little sum to make the trouble you have to go to as a witness entirely worth while." He handed me a roll of bills. The denomination was small, however. The number of the crisp greenbacks looked like a lot more than it really was.

I stood silent and failed to take the money. The operative glanced at me sharply. He had been looking the other way when he presented the roll. People are known to accept a gift of this kind more readily if it is presented gracefully, and in an off-hand way, so to speak.

A slow smile of utter contempt rested on the fellow's face.

"Aha," said he, "and so we have one of those high-priced gentlemen with us, have we? Just how much did you figure that the little job was worth?"

"I accept no job," I replied, and turned as if to leave.

The man suddenly became alert, and caught me by the shoulder.

"Look here, now," and he spoke roughly.

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"Cut out that comedy stuff, and name your price.

"There is nothing further from my mind than comedy," said I, "but I have no price."

The man gazed at me in a baffled way for a moment, then he laughed nervously, and leaning close, said in a vicious tone, "You damn fool, do you know you are playing with fire?"

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I think I realize that even better than you do."

Again he seemed at a loss to know what words to use or how to handle a man who said he had no price.

"I believe you're a crook," he said, slowly, eyeing me as if I were an object of disgust, "and I am on to your little game. Will a thousand satisfy you, eh?"

The man wearied me inexpressibly, but I seemed to have to go through with the matter.

"Listen," said I, "I am neither a fool nor a crook, but I heard Walton drive his car into the garage between four and five o'clock on the morning of the 30th. He swore

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loudly as he does when intoxicated. I suppose it was his noise that woke me up."

The operative started, and his eyes narrowed. "So you got the goods on him, have you? And you think your testimony will bring you more from the other side? Let me tell you something. This girl hadn't a friend in the world who isn't as poor as she was. They couldn't give you anything. They're only a bunch of union-workers."

An hour later, Mrs. Gemble sent for me to come to her in the library. I don't know why it was called that,—nobody ever read any books there, but the furnishings were very rich and magnificent, and as I entered the room, I saw Mrs. Gemble sitting in the softened light of many shaded electric lamps, and holding a book as they hold them on the stage, when the curtain goes up, and the actress is discovered carelessly reading an absorbing novel. She had made one slight mistake, however,—the volume was upside down in her hand.

Concealing her agitation under a manner of cool scorn for the servant who had been

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sent to her for reprimanding, she remarked, "I am informed, Stephen, that you have taken a very ugly prejudice against a friend whom I sent to you to arrange the details of how I wish the help to appear at the examination of my son Walton. The whole affair is most trying, and this is no time for you to manifest personal dislikes."

I bowed, and after awhile, she continued, with more impatience in her voice than before.

"Why do you object to doing as you are told?"

"I object to lying, that's all."

Mrs. Gemble dropped the book and rose quickly.

"What do you know of this terrible trouble, anyway?"

"I know everything," I replied, and the woman sank back into her chair with a low groan. After a moment she got control of herself again.

"Listen," she cried, "it is impossible for you to know everything. You don't even know what you are talking about."

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"Mrs. Gemble," said I, "you have played your cards very cleverly, but the servants in your kitchen have long gossiped about you, while the guests at your table ate your cake and drank your wine and preferred to believe what tale you chose to tell. It is that way with our rich Americans, you have bought apparently everything, from the government of our country down to the man who carries away your garbage and cleans out your sewer, but you are unmindful of the fact that the system you employ is always laughing at you behind your back."

She regarded me with an expression of frozen terror. "How dare you!" she breathed. "How dare you!"

"One dares anything who has no fear," said I.

Mrs. Gemble trembled with mingled emotions, but she put up her bluff once more. "You are dismissed from my employ," she said.

"Yes," said I, "I was going anyway—my work is nearly finished." As I turned to leave the room, she called me sharply.

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"Stephen, what do you think you know about my son? You may tell me, but be quick about it."

"He is a murderer," said I, "but I prefer to let the law take its course in the case rather than attending to it myself. The latter would have given me more personal satisfaction, but the greater good to the greater number can best be served this way."

A fit of hysterical sobbing shook the woman, and she kept repeating—"It's a lie, a lie, you know it's a lie."

"No," I replied, "it's not a lie, and you know it's not."

She wept brokenly for a moment. Then she threw herself on my mercy.

"Oh, spare us, Stephen, spare us. What have I ever done to you that you should bring this trouble on me?"

"You brought this trouble on yourself, Mrs. Gemble."

The thrust went home. "Oh, yes, it's my fault. He was born, marked. All the nine months that I carried him, I was trying to

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kill him. I didn't want a child. I used every means to thwart his coming. I am the one to blame, but spare me, and I will give you anything you ask."

The same old cry. The same old method of covering up the sins of those who have acquired the wealth of all the land, and through that wealth, the power. Better had it been written in the Declaration, "**of money, for money, and by money,**" for the People would not then have felt the mockery.

That same evening Mitchell sent for me. He had been summoned to the house by Mrs. Gemble, after her fruitless interview with me, and I realized that this was playing the trump card in her hand. No one had ever resisted the great financier.

The man was seated in a massive leather chair in a room more nearly like a den than any other in the mansion, and the one to which Mitchell often repaired, as if he had a proprietary right in it. He looked at me as if to express his utter distaste of having to come into such close contact with a crea-

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ture of the working world. As he had said, he never handled these details himself, and here was a case that had failed to respond to the treatment his agents had accorded it.

He didn't call me by name. I was to him, nameless. He simply threw a roll of bills on the table, and ordered me to count them. I did so.

How much is there?" he asked, keeping his eyes on a picture by a great artist, which was hanging on the wall.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," I replied.

"Is that sufficient to make you take the night train for the West and stay there the rest of your life?"

I shook my head—Mitchell grew pale with rage. He pressed his lips tightly together, and thought hard for an instant. Then he threw another roll on the table, and said, as if his hate for me was boundless, "There is twenty-five thousand more. Fifty, in all, but not another damn cent do you get, you infernal scoundrel, you blackguard. Take it and go, and if you fail to leave Chicago

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tonight, you will pay for your delay with your worthless life."

Still I stood quietly by the table, my arms folded, and my eyes on the man who had boasted that one could buy anything on earth, if he only had the price.

"Mr. Mitchell," said I, "is it possible that you have never met a man before who wouldn't take a bribe?"

For the first time, he gave me a thorough scrutiny. He was puzzled, more puzzled than he had ever been in his long successful life. He was also very shrewd, and I think he was asking himself the question—"who is this servant in this house?"

Then he leaned forward, and said in a milder tone. "I am doing this as a friend of Mrs. Gemble. She is a widow, and in great anxiety now about her son. He is not at all well, and these fool police mistook his fainting the other night, when they had the audacity to drag him from his bed to that blamed mission, for some complicity in a crime that was committed there. Now if you can't see your way clear to agree with

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this family, you have served, then for God's sake, clean out, and take the money and everything will be forgotten."

"Mr. Mitchell," said I, "there is grave unrest in our country just at present. It is a pity that so talented a man as you should be using all your talents to bring about the very thing you fight and fear."

"What do you mean?" he gasped out, taken off his guard for a moment. But before I could reply, he held up his hand to command silence, and I withdrew, for the interview was ended.

A few hours later, Okagowa brought me a message. Time was an item now, and I saw Mitchell was moving rapidly. The note that the Japanese boy gave me was on a soiled piece of wrapping paper, hastily written in pencil, and by an illiterate person. "Come to Post Office at midnight, Dearborn side. You will hear good news. Don't fail to come." The crudity of it was ludicrous. Did they really think the workers were so stupid after all?

"Who brought this, Okagowa?" I asked,

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and he answered, "A dark man, I think him heap Dago. He call me to back fence when I start for picture show, and say, 'Give to gardener, it bring him much luck.' "

I studied the situation. A Dago,—Dagoes meant Italians, and they were generally superstitious. All right, I would meet him, and have the matter over with.

The night was very black, and the hour was twelve-thirty when I arrived at the Federal Building. I walked around the entire block twice before I met anyone who appeared to be waiting for me. Then suddenly I saw him. A tall man standing on the steps on the Adams Street side. He was far more nervous than I was—perhaps it was his first assignment, I don't know. He drew near slowly, and I was the first to speak.

"Looking for the gardener so you can bring him luck?" I asked pleasantly.

The man mumbled something, and walked along at my side for a minute. Then he began to fall back of me. I felt for an object that I carried in my left breast pocket, and

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the object was not a pistol, nor any weapon that men generally carry. A second or two passed. The man breathed hard—I almost smiled. He was making such hard work of it, and then out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of a gleaming blade, and I realized the hour had struck. Just as he drew still further back, as if to give his arm full play, I fell forward, wheeled around, and flashed an illuminated white crucifix into the man's face. With one scream he dropped the knife and fled. I stooped and picked up the sharp steel blade, and putting it into my pocket, but not the one which held the crucifix, I boarded a South bound car.

CHAPTER XII.

For a week I lived under an assumed name, in a lodging house on Twenty-second street. The smoke of the big manufacturing plants in that neighborhood was about all I could see from my dingy, dreary room. I knew the man who had been hired to kill me would report to Foster that he had done so, and that things would proceed as if I were indeed securely out of the way.

Each night I bought a copy of the daily paper, and the morning that the trial was to come off, I washed and dressed carefully, and made my way to the court-house. No one saw me as I slipped in quietly, and took a seat in the rear, after all had assembled. Neither did anyone notice a little runt of a man whom I brought with me.

The defense had hurried the trial. The lawyer engaged by Mrs. Gemble was a man grown rich on the persecutions of the poor. He may have called his actions prosecutions.

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They consisted in hounding starving girls and women who had asked for a chance to live, into the penitentiary and worse.

Mr. Meers was an eminent corporation attorney. He had a real gift for explaining to an ignorant public the serious menace that an unhappy, hungry, factory girl might be to a joyous, well-fed community, and should the worker, in addition to her poverty, carry a union-card, then was she indeed a dangerous individual, and must be dealt with accordingly.

Mrs. Gemble had lain the retaining fee on his desk, and remarked flatteringly—"You are the ablest man I know, Mr. Meers. You have never failed to protect the big business interests of our city from the working-class. I know you will see readily that this girl who was found murdered must not in any way be allowed to interfere with the career I have mapped out for my son," and he who had grown fat and famous on the broken hearts of the gentle little factory girls whose cries had now and then displeased the gigantic corporations for whom they toiled, smiled

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an oily smile and replied, "Leave it to me, Mrs. Gemble, leave it to me."

The private detectives reported that, now that the gardener was out of the way, the rest of the servants had a perfect alibi to swear to, and that it was so absolute, it would not even be necessary to hand-pick the jury—the less paid out to others, the more there would be to satisfy their insatiable demand.

Mitchell had had a very satisfactory conversation with the prosecuting attorney. He had been most amenable to reason, especially after the old friend of the Gemble family had carelessly tossed a small package on the table which stood between them. A very small package indeed, hardly larger than a roll of fifty-dollar bills.

The judge too seemed to know his business. That was the comfort of dealing with people of your own kind. They took much, that you might think you had to explain, for granted. Scarcely any words were needed after the throwing down of the little packages. These were fairly magic in their

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power. A hitherto dark room seemed flooded with sunshine—cool or indifferent manners changed to warm and cordial ones.

It was just as he, Mr. Mitchell, had so often said. There was a way by which one could get anything on earth, at least that part of the earth, called America. How delightful to join in with the singing of the National Anthem—"The land of the Free and the home of the brave," or even help swell the chorus of "Nearer My God to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

Mr. Mitchell thought that some burst of patriotic or religious fervor was indeed the only way by which he could express his satisfaction with a land which had yielded him so bounteous a harvest of good things. And out in Mount Greenwood, the body of Poppy lay beneath a mound of fresh-piled earth. Poppy, who like the little wildflower for whom she had been named, was sweet and fair and blameless.

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye," droned the bailiff. "The Court is now in session," and the state, represented by a deputy of the

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prosecuting attorney, a man who had served as a law-clerk for a big firm of corporation lawyers, rose and presented the case. Rambling along about the glory of Illinois, and how she must ever rally to the support of the weak, touching upon many subjects, save the one in hand, he floundered in a sea of words, and failed to say anything. When he took his seat, the witnesses were called, and one by one they took their stand.

There was Jerry Maloy, who testified to the finding of the body, and poor Earl, who said he had identified it as the girl to whom he was engaged. In every question put to him, there was a subtle inference that he probably knew more about the killing than anyone else. In the old days, Earl would have fought back and given word for word, but his sorrow had so overwhelmed him that for the time being, he was impervious to all taunts, and replied to the questions dully, and as if his mind were a great way off.

There were a number of Labor leaders, men who like himself were trying to make life endurable to the toilers, in the crowded

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court-room with him, but as he took his place among them, I saw he was scarcely conscious of their presence.

Some of the girls who had worked beside Poppy in the dingy little West Side shop sat together in a group and cried softly. They had sacrificed a day's pay each to be here, and yet what could they do? Helen had been brought from the orphan asylum, and I was almost shocked at the change in her appearance. White and emaciated in the dark blue apron of the institution, her fair curls drawn tightly back into one stiff braid, she answered the questions put to her, and her eyes were tearless. She had cried so much that she was now past weeping, and looking at the child as she stood there, I realized that Helen would be one of those who would have to drink of the cup till the dregs had all been drained, in order that the shackles might fall off the millions and the millions who were bowed down with them.

"Did you ever see this gentleman before?" asked the attorney, indicating Wal-

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ton, and feeling sure the child had been told what to say. And she who had heard his conversation with Poppy about the organ and told it to the police, looked at the defendant a moment and slowly shook her head in the negative. The detective had threatened her with a beating around for the younger brothers and sister whom she never saw now if she dared say yes. All the expression had gone out of her face. She was only twelve, and hope was dead. Only twelve, but alone, utterly alone to battle with conditions that would as surely crush the life out of her as a sinking ship must go down and down until its topmost part is lost from view.

The state rested then, and the defense began to call its witnesses. The maids swore that they had seen Walton Gemble ill in bed for two days, and nights, previous to the night on which the murder had been committed.

When Okagowa took the stand, he hesitated for an instant, then he felt in his pocket and fingered sixty dollars which had

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been given him in the shape of three twenty-dollar bills. A cheerful grin spread across his face. I knew of what he was thinking. Okagowa had gotten even with the Melican God at last.

"Yes," he said, solemnly. "Mr. Walton heap sick that night—me sit up with him and so me know."

Mrs. Gemble was the last to take the stand. Sitting surrounded by many of her wealthy friends, her hand in Mrs. Mitchell's she listened with an intolerant air to the whole proceedings. Now she rose and clinched all the testimony that her side had given, and the jury settled back in their seats to hear her lawyer's speech.

Mr. Meers had oratorical gifts. He used them now.

"Please your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury," he began, "there can be only one logical outcome of this hearing this morning, and that is a dismissal of the case on the grounds of insufficient evidence to constitute a cause of action. However, there has been a grave wrong done — a wound

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inflicted that only time can heal. Here we see a devoted and devout widowed mother, shocked and grieved over the accusations made against her only child, a lovely boy, a mere youth, who, though raised in the midst of luxury, has retained so unspoiled a nature that one of the very first things he did, on his return from abroad to his native land, was to offer to teach in a little mission Sunday-School, located among a most illiterate and un-Godly set of men and women. Is it likely that a young man so filled with love for his fellow-men as to cause himself great personal inconvenience in order to bring words of truth to them, would ever be capable of a crime so revolting as the one we have been forced to consider? No, Your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury, it is not. Walton Gemble, lying sick in his bed at his mother's home, is as innocent of murder as I am." Here he coughed and took a glass of water. "And though my young client here is not the one whom the law seeks, I might add that the real criminal ought not to be very hard to find. This unfortunate

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girl had many strange acquaintances—she frequented meetings in the company of the man who claims he intended to marry her; meetings that we all know to be of an incendiary nature. It has been my unhappy experience to see some thing of that side of life where the working-class congregate into what they call their unions, and discovering that this unfortunate girl, found murdered in the basement of a little Christian Mission, was a member of one of these bodies, some of them being most desperate in their teachings, I am not really surprised at her untimely end. Understand me, I am accusing no one, but as you all have seen, the blame does not rest on this young boy, and quite naturally we ask the question—‘Who is the man, and where are we to look for him?’” Mr. Meers went on at some length in the same strain, and when he felt satisfied that everyone was impressed with what a brilliant lawyer he was, and how there was not a particle of real evidence that pointed to the guilt of Walton Gemble, he took another glass of water and sat down.

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Mrs. Gemble gave him a smile of complete satisfaction, and pressed Mrs. Mitchell's hand. Her friends leaned towards her, and told her not to worry, the ordeal would soon be over now. Mitchell glanced at Walton, who sat with bowed head and his thin lips curved into a cruel smile. Just as he had said, the trial had cost him very dear, but then every fresh illustration of the fact that money rules was precious to him, for he had so much money and that meant he had so much power.

The judge turned to the prosecuting attorney's deputy and asked if he had any evidence in rebuttal. The latter mumbled something about "character witnesses" and glanced over at the group of Poppy's fellow-workers who had been promised a chance to testify of what they knew concerning the sweet girl with whom they had toiled, and whom they all had grown to love.

The judge frowned. "There is no question of character involved," he said sharply. "I can't allow a waste of time. Is that all?"

But the deputy never answered, for at

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this moment, I rose from my chair in the back of the hall, where no one had noticed me, and walked quietly to the front and inside the railing. "If it pleases the court," said I, "I have been unavoidably detained, and as a witness for the state, I desire to be sworn in."

A breathless silence followed my appearance. Then Earl leaned forward and murmured "Stevey," but I didn't look at him, I looked at Mr. Mitchell. I wanted to see a czar crumple. I think the man thought for a moment that it was my ghost which stood there and not a man of flesh and blood at all. Hadn't he been told that my body was at the bottom of the lake?

Hadn't his hireling reported that I was stabbed and weighted and that he and his friends had seen to it that I was safely deposited in a deep place in the water? Wasn't that what he paid his money for? Had I come back from the dead to accuse him, as well as his son, of murder? Had I come to tell of the enormous bribes which he had offered me to get out and keep still?

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Suddenly everyone started to talk, and the judge rapped loudly for order. In an austere voice, he directed that I should be sworn in, and then said to the prosecuting attorney, "Proceed with the witness."

The latter asked, "What is your full name?"

"Stephen Angus Doyle."

"Your occupation?"

"I am a detective."

Mrs. Gemble gave a little shriek and very nearly swooned.

"Do you understand about this case?"

"I do thoroughly."

"Then go ahead and tell what you know." Why should they care, hadn't they done all they had been told to do, and the introduction of a new element was not their business. Mrs. Gemble should have seen to it that the coast was clear.

"If it please your Honor," said I, "there are some family introductions that I will have to make, so as to clean up this case as it should be cleaned."

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"Family introductions," echoed the deputy.

"Yes," said I, "this murderer ought to meet his father before the judge sentences him."

I turned to Walton. "Mr. Gemble, permit me to introduce your father, Mr. Mitchell."

The boy stared in stupid amazement, but the man became deathly pale. He rose and tried to stammer something, but no sound came from his white lips. He took a step forward, then sank back into his chair, a frightened old man. All the bravado was gone. Everything was gone for him. His house of cards had tumbled down about his ears. The judge leaned over towards him.

"Is this man Doyle speaking the truth?" he asked, in an excited tone.

Mitchell nodded. He was past speaking.

"And now," said I, "another little relationship must be established. Mrs. Gemble, do you recall your long-lost husband?" The shabby drawfed figure by the door shuffled forward. The woman screamed and put out

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her hand, from force of habit, to Mrs. Mitchell, but the later had withdrawn. Looking at her husband as if she could kill him, Mrs. Mitchell sat breathing heavily, glancing scornfully now and then towards the woman who had so long been his mistress and whom she had accepted as her best friend. Her world was crumbling to pieces before her very eyes. These things that were happening, that had happened all along, were they a part of the exclusive ruling class? The class that had been able to buy anything? Such sordid revelations as this man on the stand was making belonged to the working class, the toilers that she had ever likened unto beasts, but now? In the meanwhile, the shabby, dwarfed man stood waiting until society could catch its breath. He was used to waiting.

The judge was plainly much perturbed. Red tape was dispensed with. He asked sharply of the man whom I had brought with me, "are you the husband of Mrs Gemble?"

"I am," replied the man quietly.

"Prove it."

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He took from an inside pocket a marriage certificate dating back twenty years or more, and showed it to the judge.

"And your name?"

"Peter Gemble," said the man, finishing the sentence.

Then, turning to me, the man on the bench said, "Proceed."

"This man, Peter Gemble," said I, "was hired by Mitchell to marry the present Mrs. Gemble. She was about to give birth to his, Mitchell's, child, and he thought that in this way, she was off his hands. But it seems the woman had as shrewd a sense of business as he has demonstrated. She waited until he had married a wealthy society girl and was getting a firm foothold in the corporation that has since become famous, and then she started a systematic course of blackmail that has enabled her to live in luxury all these years."

Everybody gasped, except those involved in the disclosures—they seemed to sink down into their chairs lower and lower. Walton was trembling visibly, and he passed

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his hand around his neck, inside the collar, nervously, as if he already felt a rope there. Peter was still standing patiently waiting to be dismissed. The judge turned to him irritably.

"You can go. But wait, why did you never come forward before and tell these things?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I've been busy. I had to make a living, but anyway, I made it honestly. I'm a dishwasher in a restaurant."

The judge rapped for attention. "This is a most unusual state of affairs," said he. "However, we are concerned only with the case of the murder of this young girl. If you, Mr. Doyle, have anything to say about that, we will hear you. If not, you are excused."

"I have things to say," said I.

The deputy of the prosecuting attorney then began at the beginning, and asked me again my name and occupation. To the latter question, I replied, "I have been working as a gardener for Mrs. Gemble for

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the past few months. Along with the other servants, I was approached by private operatives, hired by Mitchell, and told to repeat the alibi the maids of the household have just sworn to, each one of course was adequately compensated."

Mr. Meers, from force of habit, started to make some objection, but he was so near dead, legally, that he had not the will to interpose a word. He looked at his crushed clients, entirely deserted now by all their fashionable friends, and he began putting some papers together as if he, too, would soon take his leave.

"Where were you on the night of May 29th?"

"In my room above the garage, and I heard Walton Gemble drive his car in at about half past four on the morning of the 30th, his assumed sickness dates from that time."

Walton sprang up, his face livid, but he was unable to utter a sound and sank back in his chair, his hands twisting frightfully.

"That day," I continued, quietly, "I

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called early at the home of Miss Poppy Grant—she was a friend of mine, as is the man she was to marry, and the little orphans whom she had taken in and cared for, told me that she had not been home all night. We were all of us going to spend the holiday in a Park; instead, we spent it searching vainly for the missing girl. It was not until the third day after her disappearance that I got a clue as to the murderer. On that day, this little child Helen happened to mention the Mission Sunday-School which they had started to attend, and how the position of organist had been offered to Poppy by the Sunday-School superintendent, and how she had intended to stop by there some night after her work was done and make arrangements. That night, I went to the mission and found the body.”

Another exclamation, and a look of understanding on Earl's face.

“But,” cried the deputy, “the body was found by a messenger named Jerry Maloy.”

“Yes,” said I, “I sent for Jerry, and told him where it was.”

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Here the boy was questioned, and after he corroborated my testimony, I continued, "This cigarette case with Walton Gemble's initials on it, which I found dropped beside the body, would have been proof enough of his guilt, had I not also heard his mother telling him that he must go down to the mission and teach Sunday-School there whether he wanted to or not. He rather strenuously objected."

I paused, and the deputy took the gold case and examined it while Walton shook and muttered to himself.

The judge then turned to the lawyer for the defense and asked, "Have you anything to say to refute the testimony of this man?" and Attorney Meers replied, after holding a whispered consultation with his clients, "No, your Honor."

Then the judge replied, "I'm to conclude, then, that the testimony of this man Doyle is positively true? and it frees my hands, and I can instruct the jury accordingly?" Then turning to me, he said, "On behalf of the jury and this Court and the judiciary of

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the State of Illinois, I offer you my sincere thanks. You are excused."

Addressing the twelve silent men who had been listening to everything, he instructed them briefly. They retired and returned in less than twenty minutes, but during that period of suspense, I sat with folded arms and looked about me. On one side of the court-room were the representatives of that minority which had for so long reigned, and in their blanched and quivering faces, full of lust and full of greed, full of cruelty, full of fear, I read the signs of their departure; and on the other side of the room, where Justice is supposed to be dispensed, I saw the fore-runners of that majority which has for so long been oppressed, and in the faces of Earl and the Labor Leaders who surrounded him, faces full of suffering, full of hope, I read the signs of their oncoming, and saw the dawning of a great New Day.

For myself, I thought "The System's Hand" is leprous now. The claw-like fingers soon will lose their strength. Already the flesh is yellow, and the spots of decay

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can be seen. The foreman of the jury was speaking. I turned my eyes from contemplation of the future of America, and sighed for the little lovely girl, the child of the common people who had had to die that others after her might live.

“If it please your Honor,” the foreman was saying, “we find the defendant Walton Gemble guilty as charged in the indictment.”

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